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THE SUSPICIOUS STATE

AN EDITORIAL

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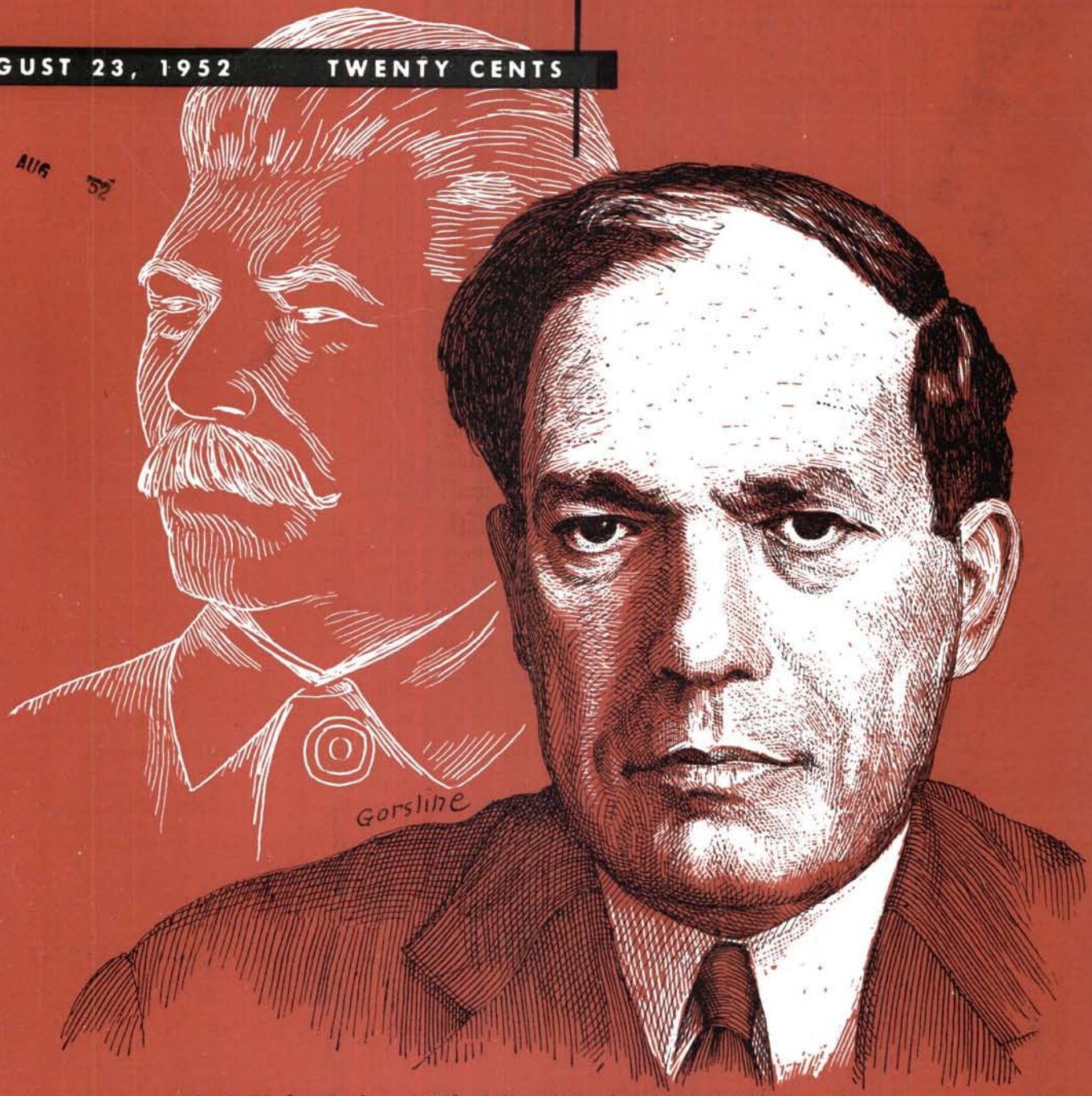

Louis Fischer, author of "The Life and Death of Stalin." (See page 8)

The Sources of Tensi

By JOYCE CA

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The Saturday Review

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It did happen here...

Toward the end of the war we all talked about how the world would open up when peace came—how we'd all be going places and doing things like crazy. Today, American people are taking to the road, the sky, and the sea in numbers and in a fashion never before known.

72,000,000 Americans will get up and go by auto this year. Steamships and airlines going abroad are jammed. Rome, Paris, and London hotels are sold out. Spain, Africa, Hawaii, and South America are being deluged with American visitors.

We're happy that the authoritative voice and medium of this mass hegira is HOLIDAY. HOLIDAY is America's—and the world's—playground in print. It is your guide, your companion for the days and hours you spend away from work. It was inspired to reflect this new *mobile* way of life—to mirror our modern, pleasurable way of living at home and on holiday, away from home.

The September issue of HOLIDAY, now on the stands, contains articles on Norway by Robert Capa, Murray Bay up in Canada by George Frazier, Colorado by Debs Meyers—all knowingly written, all beautifully illustrated. There are, also, other timely pieces which, we believe, epitomize today's good living as well as good writing.

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TRADE Winds

WINDING UP AS STAND-IN for Bennett Cerf last March, I had ended my final column by saying, "Farewell, TRADE WINDS; it's been fun." The wretched printer promptly yelled "overset" and, along with various other matters, the fun had to be lopped off. But it *was* fun, and in great part because you TRADE WINDS readers turned out to be the most articulate, informative, opinionated, cantankerous, and delightful letter writers on earth. These public and collective thanks, however belated, may have an ulterior motive —I'm not sure. Wasn't it La Rochefoucauld who called gratitude a lively sense of favors yet to come?

MOMENTARY SCOOP: As this is being written, it is still something of a newsbeat that *Life* will publish, without cuts or condensation of any kind, Ernest Hemingway's new novel, "The Old Man and the Sea." Thus, next week, on the 28th, you'll be able to step up to any newsstand, slap down twenty cents, and buy what is already being called Hemingway's finest work in many years.

And thus, too, you will see "The Old Man" beating its own book publication by eleven days, beating its own Book-of-the-Month Club appearance by a couple of weeks, and cutting its own bookstore price by 14/15ths or better than 90 per cent!

The who-when-what-where of this *Life* deal began about three months back, on a sidewalk at Rockefeller Center. Walking to lunch with Sidney L. James, one of *Life*'s assistant managing editors, Leland Hayward began talking about the new Hemingway book, which he'd just read while visiting the author in Cuba. Acting in no professional capacity, as agent or anything else, Hayward talked on, almost compulsively, for quite a time. "It bowled me clean over," he ended. "Read it yourself; read it tonight." Mr. James pointed out that Daniel Longwell, chairman of the editorial board, might better be the one to read it first, and before the day was out the compulsive Mr. Hayward had talked to, and left a copy with, Mr. Longwell. Mr. Longwell did read it that night, and the next morning, keeping his own feelings well hidden, suggested that Mr. James might like to have a look, too. Negotiations were begun one day later.

"The Old Man and the Sea" is a short novel. In book form it is 140 pages long; *Life* is using twenty full pages for its 30,000 words. These twenty will be in one chunk, probably in the center of the issue, with no ads alongside reading matter. There will be illustration and plenty of it, by Noel Sickels, whose painting you may remember from the story on the *Wasp*'s collision at sea with the *Hobson*.

How much did *Life* have to fork up for this publishing coup? Lots of nice vulgar people, including me, have already been speculating about that. Using the oblique approach with one authority in New York who hears everything, I asked whether *Life*'s five million or so circulation might not hurt bookstore sales later on. "The stores," came the authority's reply, "would have to sell 100,000 extra copies, over what they sell anyway, to make up for the $65,000 Ernest got from *Life*."

As for the book itself, Scribner's has called it ". . . the emergence of a new classic, a great book that is like no other . . . it cannot be classified, for it writes its own law of literature." I asked Wallace Meyer, Hemingway's editor at Scribner's since the death of Maxwell Perkins, whether "The Old Man" was part, as I had heard, of a

longer work. "No," he said, "it stands alone, without dependence on anything else Ernest is doing." Hemingway had recently written him that it was to be judged on its own. "There will be," Hemingway went on, "other books about the sea, and I hope there will be other good books about many other things."

ANECDOTES ABOUT Adlai Stevenson are still rare and one I like is told by Noel F. Busch in his book about the Governor of Illinois (published three weeks before the nomination). Back in 1937, while Stevenson was still a Chicago lawyer, he and his wife decided to build a house in the country, and after the usual dreams, delays, despairs, and disgust, finally achieved a handsome result in Libertyville, near Lake Forest. One night, six weeks after they had moved in, a fire broke out, and what with a low water supply and a big jurisdictional dispute between local fire companies, the brand-new house and all its contents burned clean to the ground. Helplessly watching the horror with Stevenson, a neighbor was expressing sympathy when "a bit of flaming debris floated through the air and dropped at the owner's feet. Stevenson picked it up and calmly lit a cigarette with it. 'Oh, well,' he said, 'as you can see, we are still using the house.' "

A story that Stevenson often tells himself happened in 1946, when he was in London with the U. N. Preparatory Commission. One night he said earnestly to Russia's Gromyko that "if one compared the U. N. to a baby born in San Francisco, then the object of the London meeting was to provide it with clothes and equipment."

"One question," said Gromyko,

"You've got a *what*—a splinter?"

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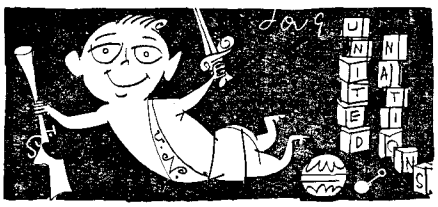


"when does the baby get the teeth?"

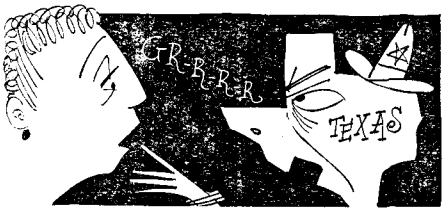
It was Roger Straus, of Farrar, Straus & Young, who had the idea, last February, of getting Busch to do a Stevenson biography, run or not run. Proof of Mr. Straus's astuteness came, all in a bunch, the week following the Democratic Convention, when 5,000 copies were sold. A second printing of 10,000 is already on press (with Stevenson's acceptance speech included), and a goodly bit of jubilant office guessing is now going on about the future when the campaign really gets going.

SCOUTS IN TEXAS report that many notables in the Lone Star State are snatching up each new magazine instalment of Edna Ferber's "Giant" with the same anguished interest displayed a while earlier by Hollywood notables over Lillian Ross's *New Yorker* pieces about "The Red Badge of Courage."

"Giant," it appears, takes on the whole breed of new oil and cattle millionaires, with special attention to their talk, manners, money, morals, and flamboyance in general. With each instalment blood pressures all over the state start pumping like hot oil wells, and recriminations grow sharper than they did over the seating of Texas delegates at both conventions.

At first it all sounded rather funny, but when you see some of the actual clippings you start to wonder. For instance, Carl Victor Little, daily columnist and book reviewer in the *Houston Press*, writes, "You may recall that recently we proposed that Edna Ferber be hanged at a Houston autograph party when her book . . . appears in September. . . . We offered to furnish the rope if either Joe Petty or Ted Brown, the book entrepreneurs, would furnish the martinis. The response to the suggestion that Ferber be hanged for the hatchet job she does on Texas in her new cheap, melodramatic, lying, malicious story has been nothing less than terrific." The rest of this particular column gives lots more of the same, all for laughs, of course: A letter from Joe Petty—"you furnish the martinis and I'll bring the rope! If Ted wants to prove that he has really become a Texan—he can pull same." A postcard which says, "I can't bring the rope or the martinis . . . but I will bring the chair to pull out from under her at the hanging." Only the Ted referred to above disappointed Mr. Little. "To date, Ted Brown hasn't entered into the spirit of this proposed hanging . . his conscience would bother him if he participated in the hanging of a fellow human being."

Maybe it *is* hilarious. Maybe it is in good taste. Maybe I'm doing my



summer reading in the wrong kind of hammock.

In any case, Doubleday reports that all the hue and cry and hullabaloo in dear old Texas has resulted in orders from bookstores there out of all proportion to anything coming in from the other forty-seven states of the Union. All in all the total advance looks to be about 100,000, give and take a few apoplectic citizens.

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 479

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 479 will be found in the next issue.

DRAB C EFGHDKLF

MLHNFL HO CAMCBO

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ODEFLOFN ECSTPCE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 478

If some people got their rights they would complain of being deprived of their wrongs.

—OLIVER HERFORD

A brilliantly tapestried novel filled with pageantry and romance

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by

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author of *The Ivory Mischief* & *Prairie Avenue*

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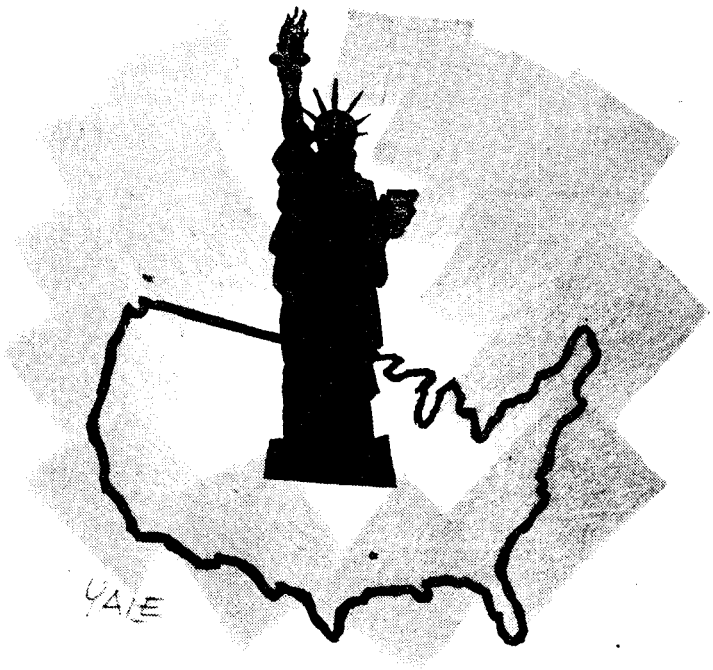
AUGUST 23, 1952



The Sources of Tension in America

JOYCE CARY

Joyce Cary

AN American, when he heard me say that his countrymen are more warm-hearted than their European relations, that they show more kindness and express their feelings more freely, remarked in a somber way that other feelings in America were also warm and very frankly expressed. He showed me a political article and asked me if I had read some of the columnists. And his explanation of their violence was that though the physical frontier disappeared fifty years ago, its spirit still ruled in the mind. He asked me to notice the tension of American life, the sense of insecurity, the ethic of "toughness," the bitterness of politics, and he repeated what is often said of Americans, that they are an emotional people, warm and quick in anger as well as friendship. I could have added to that, what I had seen for myself, other characteristics of the old frontier, energy, ingenuity, and imagination.

An American professor, lecturing the other day in London on American literature, said the same thing when he pointed out that the heroes of Sinclair Lewis and Hemingway were in the direct line from Natty Bumpo, simple, frank, full of courage and enterprise, ready always for the new adventure.

There may be something in this theory, and also in the reciprocal effect of literature on life. People everywhere do tend to form an idea of their national character out of the national literature and live up to it. The logical Frenchman, the romantic German are quite as much the products of their own self-portraits as of history. And it is, I suppose, true that the frontier and its ethic had a long and powerful impact on American thought. For the pioneer, life is a struggle, full of danger and the unexpected. He can never relax in security. And in America he had special hardships. As a friend said to me, "In England you think of nature as a friend, here it is an enemy." I had just been grounded in a plane, during a storm, at Burlington, Vermont, and compelled to travel eighty miles by car round Lake Champlain (I should like to record the brilliant work of the driver, with the road inches deep in rough ice and the blizzard exploding in the middle of the windshield) to keep an engagement at Plattsburg. "What you don't seem to realize," said my friend, "is that a slide into the ditch could have made the affair not quite so amusing. People get frozen for less—at ten below."

In fact, as I realized then, northern winters and midland deserts are always dangerous even in the car age. And more pioneers died of frost and drought than in all the Indian wars.

But I am not going to stake anything on this American suggestion, I must be true to my own impressions or what is the good of them, if any, and for a visitor to great cities like New York, Chicago, Washington, New Orleans, San Francisco, there is no more obvious mark of a spiritual frontier than in Paris or Rome. In all, people discuss the same subjects in the same way, and if they are aware of insecurity and danger, it is from a worldwide sense of worldwide conflict. So that if this is a pioneer feeling, it could be argued that it has come to the States from Europe, which has always been a spiritual frontier with the East. And in the same way, the violence of political warfare in the States is nothing new or strange to anyone who has heard political discussion or read the papers anywhere on the European continent.

ONE is reminded in all the books on the States that they are continental but one does not realize how true this is and what it means for American ideas and American government until one travels, as I did, from New England and New York to the South and West. One discovers then the difference of climates, physical and spiritual, the immense contrasts which still obtain between North and South with their different histories; the cosmopolitan pressures of New York and the anxieties of farmers dependent on an uncertain rainfall. One realizes for the first time that States' rights are much more than a relic of pioneer settlements and their charters: that states have a measure of real independence, local interests, and much local patriotism. And their interests are often in direct conflict. The ques-

Joyce Cary, an esteemed member of the "middle generation" of English novelists, is author of "The Horse's Mouth" and "A Fearful Joy" among other works of fiction.

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tion of water rights in the West is a matter quite as entangled and embittered to half a dozen states as the navigation laws on the Danube or the Rhine to European nations. And in California, at the shore of the Pacific, I felt for the first time what it means to look out towards a thousand million of Asians and understood why Californians may differ pretty strongly from New York and Washington about foreign policy.

The tension of life in the States (and I agree that I had from the first and everywhere, except perhaps in the deep South, a sense of tension) could, therefore, be explained plausibly enough by their continental magnitude and diversities, both of climate and interest, ambition and danger, the variety of race and religion, the conflict of powers, the everlasting battle (as in Europe) of pressure groups with paid staffs whose only duty is to fight. But I had the impression too (for what it is worth after a visit of ten weeks) that there is another and deeper reason for this tension, that if it is continental, it is also American.

On the European continent, the insecurity, the political bitterness have external causes, in class and religious warfare much more savage than any known in Britain or the States, in national hatreds kept alive by fears that are justified by recent history. Frontiers there are real and close. But it seemed to me that in the States, all those qualities given to the old frontier ethic could have an internal cause, that they are steeped in an atmosphere, which, though it is shared by thousands who have no declared faith, is in fact religious, with a very strong emphasis on personal responsibility.

It is in such an inherited angle that one could find a clue to the kindness as well as the violence, the idealism as well as the toughness, the ferocious competition and the anxious charity which between them give (as I think) a special quality to the American tension. Everyone feels that he or she has a personal duty towards society, a personal guilt for what is wrong with it. There is an intense and continuous interest in what are called world problems, like population and standards of living (books on such subjects sell in thousands) as well as the more local and immediate questions of education and morality.

I was told to expect an eager and informed interest in the arts and in fact my impression was that more is done to encourage the artist and writer in the States than in Britain. But again I thought (judging from very many conversations with writers and critics, professors and students) that here too there was a special sense of responsibility at work; the sense that the arts deserve study and support not only for their own sakes, but as part of the personal contribution that everyone owes to the world; that the writer, the artist has a special duty to society in the discovery and revelation of a certain kind of truth. Sinclair Lewis, for instance, is valued as a pioneer who opened up new regions of character to be mapped and mined. He was a great artist because he was deeply concerned with fundamental things.

YOU may say that this is true of all great artists; what I am suggesting is a difference of angle, the difference between writers like Maupassant and Scott Fitzgerald. Maupassant seems to say in every line, "These poor devils are human," and Scott Fitzgerald "These poor humans are bedeviled." The first is a Latin judgment, the second, I think, American and profoundly in the American tradition. It expresses that sense of the individual soul in battle with fate, with the powers of evil, which haunts all American letters. Poe, Melville, James, Dreiser, Lewis, Hemingway, Faulkner, all from their different points of view, ask, "What shall a man do to be saved?" or in Melville's (as in Fitzgerald's) case, "What shall a man do not to be damned?"

We hear a lot nowadays about the sense of guilt. But a sense of guilt is only the negative half of a sense of duty. Both together are the positive and negative of the democratic soul; the electric tension which, I suggest, is much more in the character of American life than the tradition of the frontier, and goes much further back, to deeper and older sources. One could say that the pioneers were children of that inheritance.

And with this, I had another strong impression of the American idea. Liberty is still a slogan in Britain and Europe. All governments are careful to say that they value liberty and understand its virtues. Controls are always described as temporary and evil necessities—due only to the pressure of circumstances, and it is true that in Britain many have been done away with. But apart altogether from party politics, there is always a battle between efficiency and liberty. A modern state, for reasons that no state can put aside, has to organize. Defense alone means elaborate planning, the allotment of raw materials, the division of functions, and it touches every part of life. States must organize or go under. But organization needs a bureaucracy, and bureaucracy, by its very nature, is the enemy of liberty. It exists to work the machine, to standardize, and left to itself it finds no room for the individual difference.

It may be said that bureaucracy is

(*Continued on page* 35)

Herman Mellville, Theodore Dreiser, Henry James, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner: "What shall a man do to be saved?"

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The World. If, as seems arguable, the peace of the world hangs on the decision of any single man, he is undoubtedly the son of a Georgian shoemaker named Joseph Djugashvili, better known as Stalin. Good biographies of this twentieth-century titan are hard to come by, although Isaac Deutscher's "Stalin: A Political Biography" (1949) is probably the best of the lot. This week Louis Fischer, who spent fourteen years in Moscow and has devoted many additional years to study of the USSR, publishes a book that traces the steps by which Stalin rose from a cobbler's hovel to mastery of a great state machine that menaces the world. He describes the crafty techniques Stalin employed to gain control of his own land, to destroy the Communism he professes to believe in, to trick Roosevelt and to a lesser extent Churchill into granting him dominance over a good part of the globe. Fischer's book is more than a revealing biography painted in bold, sweeping strokes; it offers informed analysis and educated guesses as to what Russia may do in the future when Stalin dies. Professor Moseley discusses the latter aspects of this important volume in the essay below.

An Oligarch of Steel

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF STALIN. By Louis Fischer, New York: Harper & Bros. 272 pp. $3.50.

By Philip E. Mosely

AT THE close of World War II, according to Louis Fischer, Stalin hesitated in perplexity over a fateful choice which confronted him. Should he seek continued friendship with the Western democracies and strive to raise the extremely low Soviet standard of living, at the price of renouncing new conquests, even if he held to those great wartime gains which had, in effect, been sanctioned by his allies? Or should he prepare the way for new, perhaps decisive, conquests in Asia and Europe, at the cost of keeping up the grinding pressure on his own people and of provoking the emergence of a new combination of threatened states against his ambitions?

But was this, as Mr. Fischer believes, a real choice, given Stalin's concepts of power and of "friendship" among nations? Could he afford to tell his people in 1945 that, with Germany and Japan prostrate and the democracies destroying their armed might as rapidly as possible, the Soviet Union and the Soviet regime itself were clearly secure in their new position of great power and had nothing to fear? Perhaps, in giving vent to his low opinion of the ideological "sincerity" of the Soviet leaders, Mr. Fischer also underestimates the degree to which the Politburo, as well as their eyes and ears, are captive to the ideological blinders which limit drastically their capacity for factual analysis of events and forces, particularly of events and forces operating in areas beyond their control. Or perhaps, looking back to 1945 from the relative though precarious stability of 1952, Mr. Fischer underestimates the tempting opportunities for further expansion which beckoned the Soviet leaders onward in so many directions.

Will the Soviet leadership be torn and weakened by dissension once Stalin's ruthless hand is removed? From his own close study of the bitter struggle which Stalin waged for the succession to Lenin, Mr. Fischer believes that the transition to new hands has been carefully prepared by Stalin and that the new succession will be, at least outwardly, smooth. In this I feel that Mr. Fischer has the better of the argument over those who look for a bitter internecine struggle and for the weakening of the regime.

It is more difficult to understand why Mr. Fischer believes that Malenkov and Beria, in alliance, have reduced Molotov's former influence to a shadow, so that Molotov would have no choice but to accept their dominant control. Equally good arguments could be presented for a Molotov-Beria combination against Malenkov or for a Molotov-Malenkov alliance against Beria's great power. Mr. Fischer also assumes that effective control over Soviet foreign policy has passed from Molotov to Beria. While there is no doubt about the supremacy of Beria's political police over the army, the Party apparatus, and the administration, it is not clear that this dominance carries with it control over policy-making at the highest Party and Governmental level. At this level there appears to be a division between functions of initiating policies and

Philip E. Mosely, professor of international relations, is director of the Russian Institute, Columbia University. He has been advisor to the U. S. delegations at the Moscow, London, and Potsdam conferences.

THE AUTHOR: Louis Fischer is one of the handful of Americans who know Russia. The story of the life and death of his sympathy began in 1922 when, at twenty-six, he entered the USSR. The country was raw, but throbbing "with dynamic energy," and he remained there on and off for the next fourteen years, his finger on the pulse of working Communism. To Fischer, Russia at first was a pretty healthy upstart in a world running a fever well over 98.6. He followed one Soviet experiment after another, reporting the story to *The Nation*, the *New York Post*, and in books, all with the zeal of a cub covering his first murder. Fischer never joined the Communist Party, yet he was attracted to the USSR—partly because of what looked like its headlong dash into a better future, partly because of the West's myopia vis-a-vis Fascism. Yet as one freedom after another was chipped away by Communism, Fischer's sympathy too began to chip. When, in 1936, the Moscow trials exploded, Fischer realized he had had it. "At this very juncture—July 1936—civil war erupted in Spain." This delayed his open break, and Fischer made a beeline for the Ebro and Madrid, where the struggle was clean and fresh. There, he plunged passionately into the conflict, even to the point of joining the International Brigade, "the first American to do so," he says. He was named Q.M. In 1939, when Stalin and Hitler decided on a companionate marriage, Fischer buried the last bits of his sympathy. All of his life has been spent in hot pursuit of a clean, sunny world, and currently he is revisiting India and Pakistan, on another of his global journeys, in search of it.

—Bernard Kalb.

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—Sovfoto.

Iosif Vissarionovich Djugashvili at seventeen-year intervals in his career—1900, 1917, 1934, and 1951.

supervising the loyalties of the policy-recommending sub-leadership. Mr. Fischer oversimplifies the interrelation of power and control at this level, at which some degree of judgment and initiative is required.

Mr. Fischer believes that on Stalin's death the Soviet regime will face a choice between "a military dictatorship or a police dictatorship" and he demonstrates convincingly why he feels that of the two "the police is high in the ascendant." But what is of particular concern to the West is the effect that the triumph of one or the other may have on the drive of the new Soviet leadership to maximize its power. Would a military dictatorship be cautious about running unnecessary risks because of its fear of the superior technology of the West? Or would it strike out for new conquests in order to justify the maintenance of an enormous military establishment at the expense of a relatively poor economy and a very poor people? Would a police dictatorship be cautious because of a fear that new Titos might arise from the triumph of Communist Parties in areas which were not under Soviet military and police control? Or would it have greater confidence in its ability to manipulate its foreign auxiliaries into power without the direct use of Soviet military forces? Mr. Fischer has not elaborated this crucial question.

Every student of Russia—and who is not a student, even an expert, today?—will find shrewd observations and keen insights in Mr. Fischer's new book, his first on Russia in some ten years. And if his answers to our fears and doubts are never simple or pat, this can be laid to the fact that the painfully intensive scrutiny of Russia's changing pattern has been Mr. Fischer's great passion for some thirty years, rather than relying on a mythical and effortless "expertness" acquired overnight.

Eastern West & Western East

RUSSIA: ABSENT AND PRESENT. By Wladimir Weidle. Translated by A. Gordon Smith. New York: John Day & Co. 152 pp. $3.

By Ernest J. Simmons

IN their postwar campaign against the West, Soviet propagandists have begun to revise radically the traditional conception of the history of Russian culture. While not eschewing Western influences entirely, a determined effort is being made—often in defiance of all historical facts—to establish the indigenous nature of Russian culture from the earliest times to the present. If anything, claim the Soviet theorists, it is Russia that has culturally influenced the West. In a sense this effort does serve as a corrective to pre-revolutionary historians who tended to underestimate the significance of the native contribution to the country's culture. On the whole, however, Soviet writers are going to absurd lengths in their strident insistence upon the original nature of nearly every manifestation of Russian culture.

Mr. Weidle's book reverses this whole process. He attempts to demonstrate that Russian culture, since its beginning in the Middle Ages, has been an integral part of European culture. There is nothing essentially new in this thesis, but Mr. Weidle brings to bear on it much fresh evidence and a considerable knowledge of European as well as Russian culture. He cogently dismisses the "Eurasian" theory of Russian culture, which had attracted adherents in the past, and he convincingly counters the common notion of the non-European separateness of Russian culture, because of the early influence of a Byzantium that was "Eastern" and therefore somehow "Asiatic." The early Byzantine influences, Mr. Weidle maintains, brought to Russia the same Greek art, literature, and thought that nourished the culture of the West.

Mr. Weidle traces Russia's contacts with the West from the time of the medieval Scandinavian warriors, who ruled the country, to the Western influences on the brilliant flowering of Russian art at the end of the nineteenth and the first years of the twentieth centuries. These contacts, broken by the Tartar invasions, were resumed in a vigorous manner at the time of Peter the Great and continued uninterruptedly thereafter.

In the details of his exposition Mr. Weidle occasionally errs or overlooks data important for his thesis. After the Tartar invasions the resumption of contacts with the West was not delayed to the time of Peter the Great. It began more than a century earlier during the reign of Ivan the Terrible, who developed close political and commercial relations with England. In fact, Mr. Weidle seems to ignore the significance of English influence on Russia. He asserts that in the eighteenth century French and German influence was most powerful. Without denying the dominant position of the French, there began at this time a veritable anglomania in Russia, and it continued until well into the nineteenth century. Then the ambivalence of the Slavophil movement, the pronounced "Western" outlook of some of its adherents, seems to have evaded Mr. Weidle. And to say that Pushkin's "Bronze Horseman" is the "noblest and

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Ernest J. Simmons is chairman of the department of Slavic languages, professor of Russian literature at Columbia University, and the author of several books on Tolstoy, Pushkin, and Dostoievsky.

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most impassioned hymn that has ever been sung on the magnificence of Petersburg and the glory of Peter" would no doubt have both surprised and amused the poet. More serious is Mr. Weidle's failure to bring to bear on his interpretation the various economic and material factors that so thoroughly conditioned the whole growth of Russian culture.

Mr. Weidle's preoccupation with the influence of Western culture on Russia leads him into the old mistake of exaggerating their identity. Europeans did not come to understand and love the great works of Russian culture, as Mr. Weidle claims, because they found their "own true image" in them. On the contrary, what enthralled Europeans was the discovery of an artistic essence wholly unlike that of the West in the Russian ballet, music, theatre, and fiction. The relation of man to the world and the wonderful dramatization of the universal spiritual and moral problems of humanity in the fiction of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky were unique achievements of Russian art.

When Mr. Weidle reaches the Soviet period in his book, he propounds a rather original aspect of his general theory on the identity of Russian and European cultures. He maintains that the Soviet revolution was the work of men who believed themselves to be Marxists but were in fact the direct heirs of the revolutionary nihilism of the 1860's, a movement entirely anti-culture in theory and practice. And he draws the obvious conclusion from this, that the Soviet system in turn is ultimately destined to produce an anti-culture—a systematic denial of every non-utilitarian value in art.

One may doubt whether such Marxists as Plekhanov and Lenin were really the heirs of Russian nineteenth-century nihilism, but certainly post-war Soviet "cultural" developments seem to be bearing out Mr. Weidle's thesis. The only hope, he declares, is that Russia will once more find her soul, however changed, recognize herself once more in her past, and return to the great European tradition out of which her culture grew.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 960)

W. FRANK:
BIRTH OF A WORLD—BOLIVAR
(In Terms of his Peoples)

He and his world are ours. Now that I have explored . . . his life, it seems to me that Bolivar, if we *experience* him, may signify (today) as much to the United States as to America Hispaña. . . . This conviction was my basic ground for writing this book.

From "The Siberian Fiasco."

Generals Semenov and Graves in Siberia—"to furnish the Bolsheviks with a jagged club."

A Prophetic Journey

THE SIBERIAN FIASCO. By Clarence A. Manning. New York: Library Publishers. 210 pp. $3.75.

By HAROLD C. HINTON

PROFESSOR Clarence A. Manning of Columbia University is a noted Slavic scholar whose special field of interest is the history and literature of Ukraine. In his latest book he has tackled a confused and controversial episode which occurred at the other end of Eurasia—the Siberian Intervention of 1918-22. His motive in doing so apparently was to rescue this unpleasant affair from the even more unpleasant propaganda of the Bolsheviks, who still assert that we tried (to borrow Churchill's words) "to strangle bolshevism at its birth."

Unfortunately, Professor Manning's book is a disappointment. It is not well enough written to be of much interest to the general reader, and as a scholarly work it is far inferior to John Albert White's study, "The Siberian Intervention," published by the Princeton University Press in 1950. Much of the introductory material, apparently designed to orient a reader wholly unfamiliar with the subject, is irrelevant, reflects a rather superficial knowledge of Far Eastern history, and contains minor factual errors. For example, Professor Manning assigns the Treaty of Portsmouth, which ended the Russo-Japanese War and was signed on September 5, 1905, to 1906.

The main portion of the book is an undistinguished factual account of the Intervention itself. Professor Manning's discussion of the motives for the Intervention, and of the cross-purposes at which the intervening powers operated, is not very clear. Briefly, the motives were these: the British and French wanted to bring about the downfall of the Bolsheviks, who had made peace with Germany, and to put Russia back in the war against the Central Powers by bringing to power a White regime; they picked Admiral Kolchak, a brave but incompetent Russian naval officer, as their man. The Japanese, who disliked Kolchak because they no more wanted a unified Russia than they wanted a unified China, were determined to gain control over the Russian Far East, including the Trans-Siberian Railroad, for their own ends. The Americans were there mainly to restrain the Japanese. The fate of some 50,000 Czechs, formerly prisoners of the Russians, and the remote possibility that German prisoners and Allied material in Siberia might find their way into the hands of the Central

Harold C. Hinton teaches courses on Far Eastern history at Georgetown University and has recently received a Fulbright award to study abroad.

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Powers, were pretexts, not motives, for the Intervention.

As for the factors which led to the evacuation of Siberia by the intervening forces (except for the Japanese) in 1920, Professor Manning discusses quite adequately one of the main factors—the defeat of Kolchak by the Bolsheviks in 1919—but somewhat less adequately the other—the end of the war with Germany in November 1918, and the ensuing pressure of public opinion in the Western democracies to "bring the boys home" from a profitless and no longer justifiable operation. With regard to the eventual evacuation of Siberia by the Japanese in the latter part of 1922, Professor Manning grasps one main factor—international diplomatic pressure on Japan at the time of the Washington Conference—but misses another—the increasing hostility of Japanese public opinion toward the Siberian Intervention.

If the book leaves a good deal to be desired as a piece of historiography, Professor Manning's approach to his subject is irreproachably impartial. He denounces the atrocities committed by the Japanese and the Whites, and he holds no brief for the Reds. When he comes to his concluding chapter, however, his understandable desire to relate his topic to the present leads him rather far afield. He is quite correct, of course, in terming the Intervention a fiasco which accomplished little except to damage the prestige of the intervening powers and to furnish the Bolsheviks with a jagged propaganda club with which to beat them. He ventures out on a pretty thin limb, however, when he seems to imply that the Bolsheviks learned from the Intervention the diplomatic tricks which they have been using ever since, including the formation of Trojan horse coalitions with non-Communist left-wing parties. Teheran, Yalta, and the postwar bolshevization of Eastern Europe flow almost inexorably, in Professor Manning's chain of reasoning, from the Intervention. This strikes me as far-fetched and forced.

The United States has intervened militarily on the East Asiatic continent four times within the last half century—in the Boxer Rebellion, in Siberia, in wartime and postwar China and Southeast Asia, and in Korea. The implications and results of these acts of intervention have a great contemporary importance, in view of the possibility that the United States might some day open air and naval operations against the Chinese mainland. Anyone interested in this problem, however, is not likely to be very greatly enlightened by a reading of Professor Manning's book.

New Prophets on the Lifeline

CHALLENGE AND RESPONSE IN THE MIDDLE EAST. By Hedley V. Cooke. New York: Harper & Bros. 366 pp. $4.

By Hans Kohn

DURING the great struggles for the control of the Old World—the Napoleonic Wars, World War I, and World War II—the Middle East represented one of the decisive battlefields. Since then, its importance has even grown. With the richest oil fields of the world within its confines, the Middle East has become an economically decisive area for any contest between the great powers. The upheavals produced by the slogans of totalitarian propaganda, by the temptations of a worldwide conflict, and by the intrusion of ferments like the new state of Israel, stirred the formerly lethargic fellahin, the backward peasant masses of these countries, into action which finds its expression in a fanatical nationalism. Since the end of World War II, a large number of books have appeared in the effort to acquaint the American reader with the conditions of a part of the world to which, until very recently, he paid very little attention.

The present book by Dr. Cooke differs fundamentally from the many journalistic accounts which have recently flooded the market. It brings no stories of personal encounters or interviews, and though Dr. Cooke apparently lived as former United States consul in Palestine and Turkey, there is little evidence of personal contact with the countries and the peoples. Nor will his way of writing endear him to the reader who wishes to be entertained more than informed. Dr. Cooke, who has been a consultant of the Middle East Planning Staff of the Economic Cooperation Administration, presents a scholarly study of the economic and social conditions of the lands between Egypt in the West and Iran in the East. He has studied all the many documents available and shows clearly the economic foundation of the social and political unrest agitating these lands.

Especially noteworthy are the chapters which Dr. Cooke devotes to Iran and to Jordan. The long common frontier with Russia gives oil-rich Iran special significance. American assistance in the spirit of the Point Four concept has been supplied to Iran, and its prestige there is probably more at stake at present than anywhere else. "The grandiose seven-year plan, which involved intimate cooperation between the Iranian Government and a group of American engineering firms," Dr. Cooke writes, "is now seriously threatened with failure. A final col-

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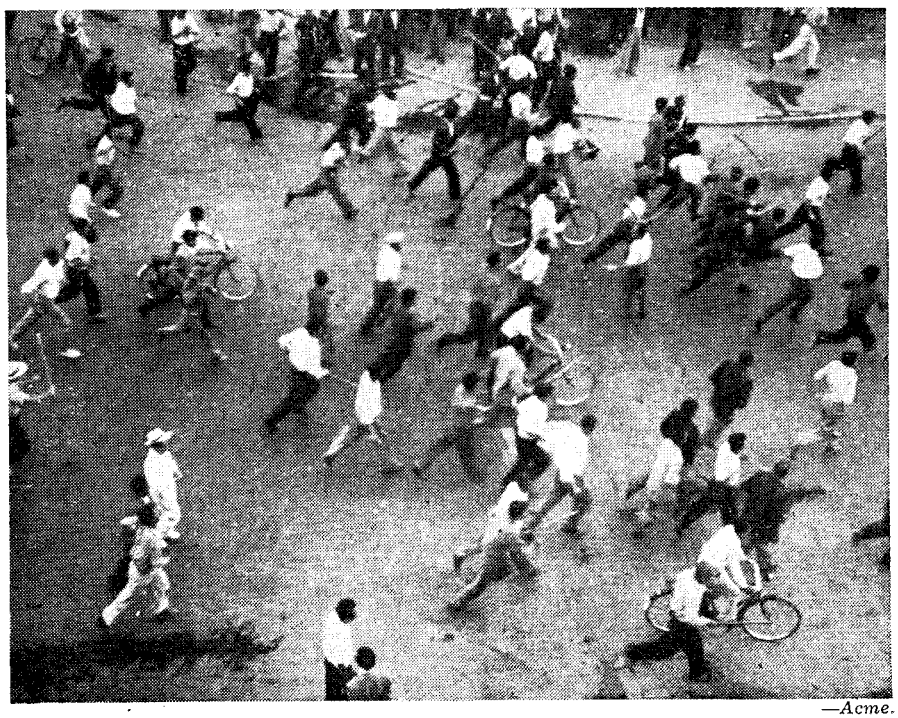
Hans Kohn is professor of history at City College of New York. He is the author of "Nationalism and Imperialism in the Hither East," "Western Civilization in the Near East," and many other volumes.



—Acme.

The 1951 Teheran riots—"temptations of world conflict."

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lapse would constitute a major blow to the prestige of the United States in Iran and, moreover, would surely have serious repercussions in the rest of the Middle East. Because of these circumstances, a departure from the usual criteria of aid-worthiness would seem to be in order, as far as Iran is concerned. Otherwise all economic aid programs for the Middle East may be jeopardized."

In view of the present critical situation in Iran, Dr. Cooke's advice is much to the point. By expelling the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, Iran, it is true, has destroyed the very foundations upon which the project was to have been built, namely the revenues from oil. Nor does the extreme nationalism make any rational schemes of social advance possible. Had a large-scale loan or grant been made to Iran in July or August 1950, however, the whole psychological atmosphere might have changed for the better. In Iran's case, where the stakes are particularly great, a loan sufficiently large for successful application might be a wise *political* investment even without any assurance that the money would be well spent.

Another country which Dr. Cooke favors as suitable for a model program along Point Four lines is Jordan. Since Jordan is the least developed of all Middle East countries, any marked improvement there will serve as a spur to other lands. Because of the necessity of absorbing several hundred thousand Arab refugees from Israel, Jordan has particularly acute economic problems at present. At the same time, it is one of the Middle East lands with relative tranquility and where land tenure is now well established on a basis of small individual holdings. In view of the fact that Point Four money and trained personnel are limited in quantity, it would be good to concentrate them in small countries where visible improvement in the general living standards could be more easily produced.

Dr. Cooke presents the serious student of Middle East affairs with a detailed and thorough survey of the economic plans and possibilities pointing towards long-range improvements of Middle Eastern living standards.

A Multitude of Griefs & Joys

MY INDIA. By Jim Corbett. New York: Oxford University Press. 163 pp. $3.

By Arthur S. Lall

JIM CORBETT's India is an India at two levels. At one level there are eleven thrilling stories of adventure mostly in the remote foothills of the Himalayas. There are exciting encounters with tigers and leopards and, in most cases, human courage and good fortune prevail so that the ultimate outcome is satisfactory. As a book of adventure stories well told, this volume will be a deservedly popular publication, particularly at a time when tales of human bravery and courage, without the awesome results of these qualities, will make a strong appeal. But India has so long been associated with tiger-shoots that, at this level alone, there is nothing very special about Corbett's book.

"My India," however, is also written at another entirely different level, and it is here that it has uniqueness and special charm. Corbett did not live the life of the average Englishman in India. Apart from the time spent in performing governmental or other functions, the British in India lived in small exclusive colonies. They had little contact with Indians other than those who, by education and disposition, were themselves attracted towards England. The India of the British was the India of the administration and of the commercial world of Bombay and Calcutta. As a consequence, few of them have been able to write about the Indian people with a background of personal experience. Jim Corbett does not fall into this category. Born and reared in the Himalayan foothills, he spent most of his life living with the people of a remote village there. For the years that he lived outside the village, he was employed in a relatively humble capacity at a railway ferry where his life again brought him into continuous contact with the Indian working man.

With this background, Corbett's India, as might be expected, turns out to be a very different place from the generally accepted idea of the Indian scene. Corbett's picture is not that of events happening to people, but of the underlying drama of the lives of the people. Thus, while on the surface the caste system seems to be operative, underneath there are human situations in which it is continually breaking down—as it does when the high-caste Brahmin priest slips off his sandals and makes obeisance at the deathbed of an untouchable. In a more practical sphere, caste prejudices break down when an untouchable is appointed head man of a gang of workmen drawn mainly from high-caste Brahmins and Kshatryas. Again, India turns out not to be a land inhabited by easy-going, other-worldly people. Corbett finds that there are no drones in a poor man's household in India. Young and old have their alloted task to perform and they do it cheerfully. Every passage of the book is alive with this kind of directness of contact with the life of the people of India. It is much to Corbett's credit that, though he must have been aware of other approaches by the English in India, his own approach remains completely unaffected so that no apology is tendered and no explanation given for what he sees. It is this quality which gives the book its significance as a current document on India. The people with whom Corbett lived display fortitude, charity, and a heroic quality in their daily lives. It is because of these characteristics that we in India see hope in the future.

Corbett is a natural writer. His education has been meager but he

(*Continued on page 40*)

Arthur S. Lall is the consul general of India in New York City.

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Fiction. A week bringing three new novels that seem certain to be widely read and three novels distinguished for their good writing is exceptional enough in the heart of the winter season, but when it comes in mid-August it deserves to be remarked upon. In the wake of two tremendously popular sea stories, "The Caine Mutiny" and "The Cruel Sea," comes "The Distant Shore," Jan de Hartog's amusing and exciting yarn about a Dutch tugboat officer with the British rescue service in World War II (below). "Don Camillo and His Flock" (page 14) is a second volume of Giovanni Guareschi's funny, slightly sentimental tales of battles between a priest and a Communist mayor in a small Italian town. Edgar Mittelholzer's "Children of Kaywana" (page 16) is a lurid but engrossing story of white men and natives in Dutch Guiana. For those who relish fine writing we recommend "The Distant Shore," as well as Patrick O'Brian's beautiful Welsh love story "Testimonies" (page 14) and Richard Kaufmann's "Heaven Pays No Dividends" (page 16), one of the handful of novels to come out of a Germany emerging from her recent, dreadful past.

Crisis of a Salt-water Man

THE DISTANT SHORE. By Jan de Hartog. New York: Harper & Bros. 309 pp. $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

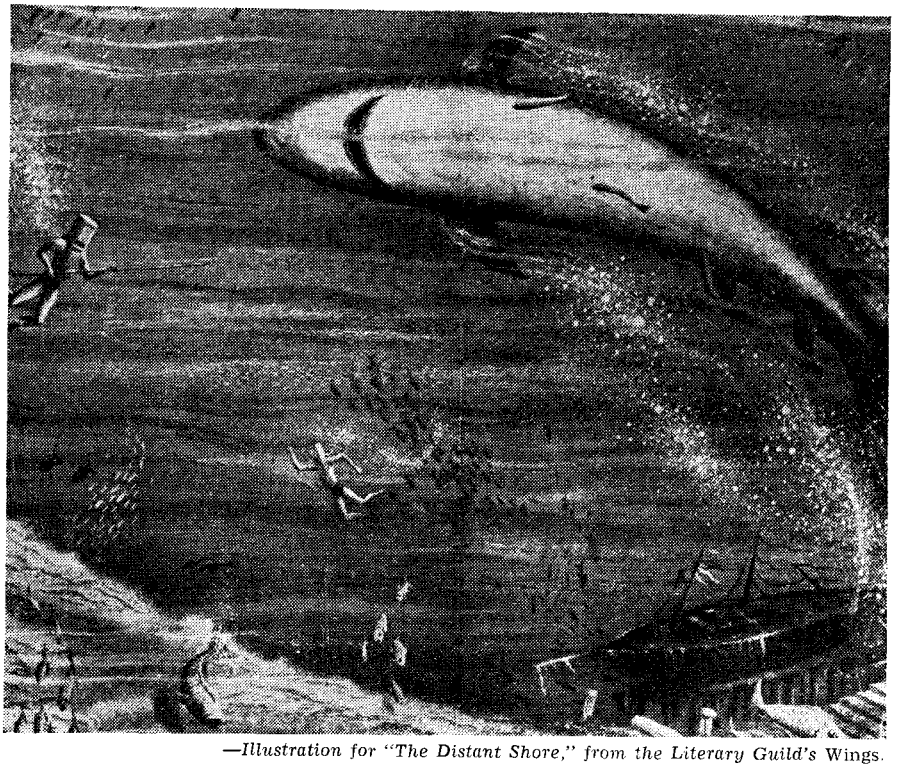
FEW people are aware that during World War II there was an organized service of ocean-going tugs which were dispatched from British harbors to bring in the disabled and blasted ships still afloat. They were called ducks—sitting ducks—waiting helplessly for the submerged hunter. Many of the tugs came from occupied Holland along with their Dutch captains and mates, for most of the British towing fleet had been sent to the bottom. A young Hollander is brought over from Rotterdam in the third year of the war to command the sturdy *Vlieland*. His adventures and the two women he loved during and after the end of the war are the substance of this sometimes incoherent and yet fascinating novel.

The skipper's first momentous discovery was that most of the men in his command, whose life expectancy was less than three months, appeared to be in a state of concealed terror. And with good reason, since their boats were armed with antiquated and utterly useless pom-poms, while the ships they were to rescue were motionless but armed to the teeth. It was the habit of the German command to send a U-boat to a disabled ship and wait for a tug to show up.

His second discovery was that a captain he had known for years was living when ashore with a peaceful and loving girl who took into her tidy flat and bed one tug skipper after the other. When his friend's ship was sunk by a submarine's guns, the skipper went to console her and inevitably took his place. One day when it was assumed that the skipper had died at sea he returned to find her dwelling peacefully with his successor. Since she had never had two lovers who were alive at the same time, her moral principles were so outraged that she fled to her home in the Hebrides. The skipper was deeply in love with her, but that momentary glimpse of her unconscious infidelity sent him on the picaresque adventures making up the latter half of the novel.

The second girl he met was a modest English nurse who took charge of him after he was wounded during the invasion of Southern France. His reasons for refusing to fall in love with her for three years are somewhat obscure. A visit to her home, a small-town rectory, convinced him that to possess her he had to marry her—but his permanent mistress was the sea. He fled to the Mediterranean where one of his former mates, who had abandoned illicit smuggling in time to escape a jail sentence, was about to sail on an ancient schooner engaged in diving for sunken treasure. After a nightmare voyage among a crew of fanatic deep sea divers and alcoholics he came to his senses. The skipper, surfeited with adventure, discovered that he wanted marriage and a steady job. At the end of the novel he is a conventional husband and the mate of a Dutch tug sailing soberly about its ordinary affairs.

Mr. de Hartog is a gifted storyteller whose successful Broadway play, "The Fourposter," proves that he has a flair for invention and drama. In "The Distant Shore" he has perhaps had too much to say, like a garrulous sailor who returns to his home-town bar after adventuring around the world. In the opinion of this reader he would have been well advised to bring his novel to an end in the British harbor where it began. The story of the virtuous and lovely mistress of a series of tugboat skippers who ran away when she discovered that her latest lover was still alive is complete in itself, and it has all of the charm and suspense of an admirable wartime comedy.



—Illustration for "The Distant Shore," from the Literary Guild's Wings.

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—Illustrations, by the author, from "Don Camillo and His Flock."

Cold War in the Dog Days

DON CAMILLO AND HIS FLOCK. By Giovanni Guareschi. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 250 pp. $3.

By John Sommers

DON CAMILLO, the big lumbering Italian priest whose jousts with Peppone, the Communist mayor of his town, recorded in "The Little World of Don Camillo," made the dog days endurable two years ago, is back in a fresh series of adventures. Giovanni Guareschi picks up where he left his two antagonists and the result is every bit as delightfully chucklesome.

The stories in "Don Camillo and His Flock" are what good hot weather stories should be. Unsubtle: no sophisticated, involved arguments, but good, solid kicks in the pants; no wailing, spiraling monologues, but curt, direct—"Then take *this*, and *this*." Christ, acting as referee, still looks on both sides with professional ironic detachment. Wholesome: we really love one another, damn the city slickers, God bless our little village. Neatly packaged: there are some forty stories, none of them too long to be read on the ride home from work, all of them illustrated by impish pen-and-ink sketches. Even the whimsy is non-repulsive: "To be respectable," Guareschi can say, "a river must flow through a plain, because water was created to stay horizontal, and only when it is perfectly horizontal does it preserve its natural dignity. Niagara Falls is an embarrassing phenomenon . . ."

Here, as in their first volume, Guareschi and Don Camillo are proving that "people born near the Po river have heads as hard as pig iron and a highly developed sense of humor," that right triumphs over wrong, truth over the Party line, and the True Word over Karl Marx.

Much of the delight of "Don Camillo and His Flock" rises from the fact that Mayor Peppone, although a Communist, isn't really such a bad fellow at heart, certainly more an Italian than a Stalinist. For example, when Don Camillo seeks his aid in the middle of the night to help hoist a statue of an angel to the top of the village church, he forgets his dogma and works like a beaver. And when the mayor receives an invitation to visit Moscow to see the workers' paradise with his own eyes, who should he seek out for advice but Don Camillo.

I have only one serious objection to this book and its predecessor and that is their publisher's insistence upon comparing Guareschi to James Thurber. Guareschi is no more like Thurber than a French-bread-and-salami sandwich is like pimento cheese on rye-krisp.

Enough of such carping. Better to sit back with a cool glass of beer and Guareschi's accounts of "The Shotgun Wedding," "The Sun Also Rises," and "The Polar Pact." Apocalypse will surely be around the horizon when society produces no man bold and honest enough to recognize the value of corn over and above that of an agricultural commodity. Guareschi is one man who will push back the coming of that time. He has not accepted the dictum of a university professor who decreed humor to be the invention of the devil. The devil, Guareschi knows, is a very intent person and would have no patience with such corn.

That Motherly Land

TESTIMONIES. By Patrick O'Brian. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 252 pp. $3.

By Oliver La Farge

A writer of experience, in his first novel Mr. O'Brian comes forth as a novelist to watch. To an American reader the book seems a trifle slow at the start, although it opens with an intriguing device. With a steady upward grade of intensity, it builds to an excellent, tragic climax.

I specify that the beginning seems slow to an *American* reader, because that impression derives, not from inherent characteristics of the story, but from an attitude on this side of the water towards certain elements of style. British writers tend, on the whole, to be much more conservative than Americans. Their writing is more frankly literary, makes more use of the old conventions, goes rather more openly about the telling of a tale. Americans turn away from the familiar narrative methods to a greater degree, and strive to create a more complete illusion.

Both schools have their good points; probably the American occasionally reaches greater heights. We could profit, however, by taking on some of the Britons' lack of fear of being caught in the act of storytelling.

When we are introduced to a narrator-participant who explains, early on, that he lacks the gift to express a particular idea, and in other ways makes it explicit that he has no pretension to being a writer, we recognize an old, rather worn, device. We begin to fear the worst. When, moreover, this narrator is a sensitive Englishman who has settled in a remote part of rural Wales and is concerned at first with the village, the surrounding farms, and the beautiful landscape, our fears grow stronger. We cringe at the thought of another Welsh idyl. We call a strike on the author, in fact, before he has actually begun to bat.

Mr. O'Brian's use of his principal narrator, Pugh, the Englishman, is old-fashioned. I feel that the advantages offered by a character who is literate and can justifiably be made to write, rather than tell, his story, led the author to give him a bit more space than he should have done. Nonetheless, the method of the whole book

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Oliver La Farge is the author of the Pulitzer Prize winning novel, "Laughing Boy." His other works include "All the Young Men" and "Sparks Fly Upward."

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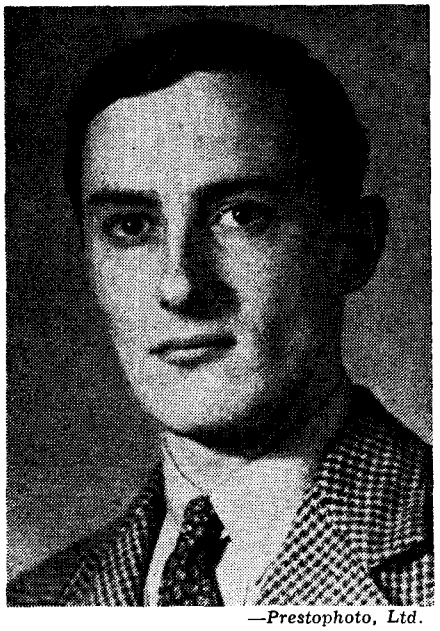
is unusual, its results powerful, and this is certainly no idyl. The umpire, for once, is forced to admit that he erred in calling that first strike.

Remote, "unspoiled," rural settings evoke two principal types of novel. The one, which may or may not be humorous, stresses quaintness, and insists that sweetness and light concentrate where the great world is excluded. The second, somewhat less common, turns the proposition inside out and insists that in isolation only meanness and vice can flourish. Neither, of course, is correct.

Mr. O'Brian's fictional community is isolated, impoverished, and devoted to one of the grimmer branches of Protestant belief. Nonetheless, it has its real virtues and its charms. In this setting he has set believable characters, not quaint, but at once universal and creatures of their locale, as we all are. They have an interesting, credible assortment of human strengths and weaknesses. Only the clergyman, Pritchard Ellis, seems to have been taken out of stock. The pious fraud who freely indulges in the sins against which he eloquently preaches may be common enough in real life; he occurs much too commonly in fiction. The reader begins to disbelieve; the more so in this case because Ellis is shown as totally bad, as few men actually are.

The various characters affect each other. The involvement of the Englishman and his rustic Welsh neighbors in each others' lives develops reasonably. Out of the interaction of the characters of a number of persons and the character of the community Mr. O'Brian has made a story that moves to its end with the rightness and inevitability we think of as Greek.



—*Prestophoto, Ltd.*

Patrick O'Brian—"Greek inevitability."

Men Ripening with the Grain

MORNING IN KANSAS. By Kenneth S. Davis. New York: Doubleday & Co. 382 pp. $3.95.

By John William Rogers

KENNETH S. Davis is presented by his publishers as "Kansas's foremost writer," and the title of his third novel, "Morning in Kansas," leads one to anticipate in it the full flavor of the Sunflower State. Its scene is a Kansas town which Davis calls New Boston. New Boston has a state college and lies some forty miles from Fort Riley, which suggests it is actually Manhattan, Kansas. Both the town and the college, however, are merely the background for the highly personal story of the youthful Earle Borden. While the opening pages unfold with Earle's sensitive awareness to the physical world around him that translates itself into vivid impressions of the Kansas scene, once the plot begins the book becomes only incidentally Kansas. The central narrative—the rise and disintegration of the haughty Baldridge family—might be the tale of a hundred towns in a score of states.

The reader meets Earle at seventeen, shy, awkward, and defiant. Mr. Davis develops the dark period of the boy's adolescence in great detail and with the tender care which authors often lavish upon youthful characters that seem to recall their own experience. Earle's lonely wanderings through the town bring him upon the shell of a great mansion deserted and falling to pieces in its "jungle of shrubbery and rusty looking cedars." The dreary solitude of the place draws Earle there frequently, and he becomes fascinated with finding out about the important family that must have once lived in the mansion.

The novel then puts aside Earle completely for a time to recount in a style quite foreign to the early pages the story of hard-bitten David Baldridge, who in 1858 migrated from Maine to Kansas bent upon becoming rich, of the proud Laura Harcourt, whom David married, and of their weakling son, George, whom Laura succeeded in destroying along with herself through her domineering maternal possessiveness. The theme of Laura and her son and the theme of Earle are brought together in the final chapters of the book by a meeting of the three. How that meeting affected Earle is the climax of the novel.

The minor characters drawn out of Kansas life all come alive even in their brief appearances, but, curiously,

—*Tribune-News, Kansas.*

K. S. Davis—"an urge to tell a story."

in depicting the three central figures of the Baldridges, Mr. Davis draws heavily upon the literary stock-pile of characters who conventionally inhabit great mansions in small towns, like George, the weakling son.

The frustrated Earle, who is sharply presented, stands out as a remarkably complete portrait of a psychic-masochist—gaining such emotional compensation from pain and disappointment that he constantly seeks them out. Indeed, he goes so far as to burn lighted matches in the palm of his hands just to prove to himself that he "can take it." And even in his final self-redemption, one of the tests he deliberately chooses is to stand up in a fight and be unmercifully beaten. Perhaps the most striking thing about "Morning in Kansas" is that masochism is not only characteristic of its hero, but it pervades the whole climate of the novel. Not only do many characters besides Earle reflect it, but masochism is persistently apparent in the telling of the story. It is perhaps not without significance that though the Great Depression of the Thirties plays no part at all in the motivation of the plot, the story of Earle Borden is pointedly set in the deep Depression year of 1932.

Yet dominating everything in the book is Kenneth Davis's profound urge to tell a story, and his powers as a storyteller that will not be denied fuse uneven materials into a readable novel.

John William Rogers, author of "The Lusty Texans of Dallas" and several plays, was formerly literary editor for The Chicago Sun.

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From the Dust . . .

HEAVEN PAYS NO DIVIDENDS. By Richard Kaufmann. New York: Viking Press. 310 pp. $3.50.

By Frederic Morton

ONCE upon a time a little boy named Rodie Stamm sat under a crowded garden table, eating apples or pralines or other lovely things which hands passed down to him. He was a very happy little boy, but after a while an unfortunate thing occurred. He grew up. That was perhaps an inevitable mistake most happy little boys make but it seemed particularly ill-advised in Rodie's case, since the place in which he had to do his growing was Germany, and the time between the two world wars.

The pralines disappeared quickly together with the apples; in their stead Rodie was given politics. Politics didn't taste half so nice, and they confused him. For a while, it is true, they were exciting because they involved glory and mass meetings, racial triumph and torch processions. Politics also simplified everything because they explained to you that the only decision you ever had to make was to fight for the right cause against the wrong. The trouble was that fighting meant Rodie's being shunted back and forth between faraway fronts and that it included bombings and cruelty and famines and belly wounds and a lot of other developments politics had originally said nothing about.

Finally, some twenty-five years after the pralines, Rodie returned to his father's house in the Rhineland. Now it was surrounded by rubble; foreign soldiers occupied the city. Rodie himself wore the shabby tunic of a defeated army; his left arm was a stump, his leg game, half of his natural teeth missing. But what troubled him much more was the fact that each of the things which he had been brought up to call right was now wrong, and all the wrong things right. And, worst of all, none of his friends seemed to be bothered about having mixed the two up, but were only concerned with getting ahead in the new kind of politics. Rodie, however, felt very bad about his misjudgment. He was lonely; he couldn't get into contact with those who didn't care. His one consolation lay in the knowledge that the garden table was still there and that under it sat another little boy to whom lovely things were being handed. Perhaps *he* would be cleverer . . .

I have tried to give no more than a few whiffs of the rich simplicity of "Heaven Pays No Dividends." That a novel so grim in its setting, so formidable in its moral implications, can at the same time be so wonderfully engaging, is a tribute to Mr. Kaufmann's skill. He has armed his hero with a perennially childlike resistance to ulterior motives, with an imperviousness to sophisticated compromise. The effect is not dissimilar to the one Mark Twain achieved when he let Huck Finn's gusty innocence loose upon life's devious rascalities.

—Vickers.

Edgar Mittelholzer—"witches' brew."

The world, of course, has grown a lot more dangerous since then. But Rodie's incorruptible artlessness, like Huck's, puts the powers-that-be to shame even while he is being victimized by them. Rodie, who narrates his own story, possesses a straightforward humanity; against it he silhouettes with unerring incisiveness the more complicated characters he encounters: his father's reluctant, dignified, but nonetheless inexcusable opportunism; the Russian-born, vividly contradictory Yevgenia, among the first to join the Nazis, yet immovable in her refusal to "aryanize" Jewish dress shops; the honeyed political selfishness of her daughter Kride; the haunted war-driven gaiety of Margarete, who is Kride's sister and Rodie's love. Dozens of swifter portraits gleam up and vanish. Together they leave behind one of the most intimately alive impressions we have yet been given of the Third Reich at war. As for Rodie himself, his mounting isolation, his puzzlement and pathos are much more revealing than the custom-made halo of the conventional anti-Nazi hero who, as a kind of ethical aristocrat, determines to assassinate Hitler from the very first.

Mr. Kaufmann has applied a fresh, striking technique to a sore-ridden subject. It is good to see a wholesome talent like his emerge from Central Europe.

Tom-thump-tom-th . . .

CHILDREN OF KAYWANA. By Edgar Mittelholzer. New York: John Day Co. 511 pp. $4.

By Oliver Harrison

BRITISH Guiana in the seventeenth century is the scene of Edgar Mittelholzer's sensuous and violent historical novel, a witches' brew of untamed sex and brutality. The author was born and has lived most of his life in that steaming land of sluggish rivers, jungles, and fertile plantations. "Children of Kaywana" is based, according to the author's foreword and footnotes, on actual events and historical characters. Whether his characters are drawn from invention or fact, the six generations of men and women produced by the mating of the daughter of an Indian mother and an English sailor who came to the Guianas with Sir Walter Raleigh are as strange a breed of human beings as any in recent fiction.

The Dutch trader who mated with Kaywana found her a devil incarnate with bluish-green eyes and breasts that were "spiked with golden tips." When her lover was killed in a Spanish assault on the little settlement, she came with their son into the possession of Commandeur von Grogenwegel, who was, as the author somewhat crudely writes, "out to do the Company's trade." After a few generations the descendants of this female "jet of fire" were strongly entrenched in the colony and were crushed under the heel of a dominating and ruthless matriarch named Hendreikje, who had married an artist whom she had driven to the verge of suicide. One of her sons, Cornelis, was a homosexual who escaped from her by deserting to the French who had attacked the river forts. Another son, Adrian, was in love with his mother. "We are," Hendriekje told him, "in love like two animals," to which Adrian calmly replies, "Nothing actually physical has taken place between us, but in my imagination I have been in bed with you every night since the thunderstorm."

Considering this strange relationship, it is not surprising that the hot blood of the von Groenwegels inherited by Adrian from their green-eyed ancestress should seek revenge in a marriage with Rosaria, a native girl whose insatiable and indiscriminate passions led him to attack one of his rivals for her attentions and emasculate him, and also, as an added insult to the family name, to create a swarm of illegitimate half-breeds.

The raw passions that swirl tempes-

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tuously around these descendants of Kaywana are, in the words of the publisher, "supercharged with the emotions of men and women who live amid the heat, the terrors, the swarming creatures, and the quick tragedies of the jungle." Unfortunately, the plantation laborers are also supercharged with raw passions. The novel ends in a slave uprising, "probably the most disastrous that ever occurred in any colony."

Fiction Notes

998. By Edward Hyams. Pantheon Books. $2.75. Very, very drunk, Sylvester Green and his two companions steal a baby carriage and the brass balls from a pawnshop and bring them where the neutral warship *Agraria* is docked. Since no one is about, it seems a good joke to weld the weldable parts to the ship and see what it looks like.

The next morning, everyone, including the officers of the *Agraria* and Sylvester's own British cruiser, are perplexed and dismayed by the strange structure that may be a secret weapon. When he is questioned, a British radar officer says he thinks it must be "998" and so a rumor with surprising consequences starts to catapult. Before the scientists and people in high places have finished, "998" becomes an absolute weapon against all aircraft that approach it. It is manufactured and distributed to all countries except Russia and the United States (each of whom think it an enemy trick) and an era of impregnable peace seems ushered in for the less powerful nations of the earth.

What happens to Sylvester Green, who suffers from a "debilitating love of humanity," to prime ministers, naval officers, and men in the street as a consequence, gives Edward Hyams a chance to poke serious fun at the ignorant worship of science that infests the modern world. The fantastic consequences are not improbable and force the reader to consider some unpleasant limitations of contemporary human nature.

But "998" is not a good novel. The potentially excellent plot is managed badly, the point of view strays, too many characters and irrelevant incidents make a clutter out of what should have been a unity. Though Mr. Hyams writes with something of the caustic wit of Swift and tells some home truths everyone should ponder, he has not yet mastered his medium. This is most unfortunate, for even a superficial acquaintance with Mr. Hyams's earlier satires and his consis-

(*Continued on page* 36)

Men of Letters. The eclipse that seems almost inevitably to darken the reputations of writers a decade after their death has now caught up with Hugh Walpole. He is still remembered by those old enough to have read his enormously popular novels when they came out but, despite what Harvey Curtis Webster says below, it seems unlikely to us that he has many readers today. But Sir Hugh's associations with some of the most eminent men of letters of this century assure him a niche in literary history and a lasting usefulness for Rupert Hart-Davis's admirable new biography, reviewed below. To the bright young man who never matures the eclipse comes even before death. In the Twenties the name of Beverly Nichols was one to conjure with; now all he seems able to produce is a curious and provocative reminiscence like "All I Could Never Be" (page 19). . . . Thomas Carlyle is a titan of the nineteenth century who deserves reappraisal for the twentieth. Julian Symons's "Thomas Carlyle: The Life and Times of a Prophet" (page 18) is a noble attempt that fails.

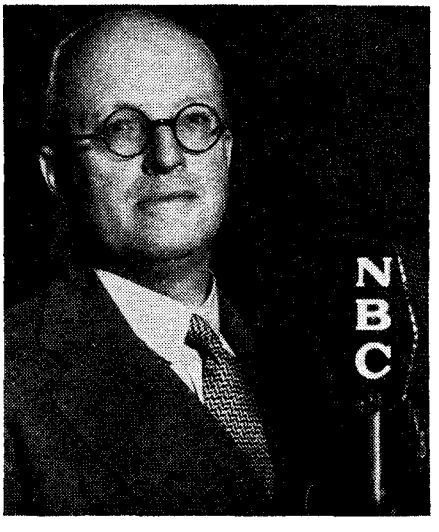
An Anatomy of Popularity

HUGH WALPOLE. By Rupert Hart-Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 503 pp. $5.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

As library circulation figures and the continuing sale of his books indicate, Hugh Walpole is still one of the most popular novelists of our time. Who does not at least know about "Fortitude," the Jeremy books, the Rogue Herries tetralogy, "The Cathedral," novels that laid the foundation for one of the greatest fortunes amassed through literature in our time?

Yet Walpole's derogators among the high-browed so outnumber his defenders that they seem as non-existent as consistently cool weather this summer. No reputable critics take him as seriously as, say, Ada Leverson or Anthony Thorne, and though they view dimly the work of Galsworthy and Priestley, they consider them so superior to Walpole's novels that even condescending comparison is impossible. But it is difficult to conceive of anyone with a brow so incredibly elevated or retarded that he will not be excited by Rupert Hart-Davis's "Hugh Walpole," perhaps the best biography of a man of letters our century has produced.



Hugh Walpole—"muddled, lovable man."

Mr. Hart-Davis is anyman's ideal biographer. Never does he take the foreground away from his subject, though his own critical acuity is apparent in the way he orders the portrait. His own good words are few; his selection from what Hugh Walpole has written in diaries, journals, and letters is marvelously apt and revealing. What he quotes from Henry James, Conrad, Arnold Bennett, Virginia Woolf, and other equally eminent friends of this man who merely pleased the millions both fill in the background of the picture and complete the exposure of the candid, self-deceiving, muddled, lovable man he was.

Unsurprisingly enough, what he became started in his childhood. Diffident and self-distrusting herself, Hugh's mother started him toward his own self-distrust and "permanent instability of temperament, "nor did his father's difficulty in getting economic security help him to become the stable person he wished he were and never was.

Worst of all in these early years

Harvey Curtis Webster is the author of "On a Darkling Plain: The Art and Thought of Thomas Hardy."

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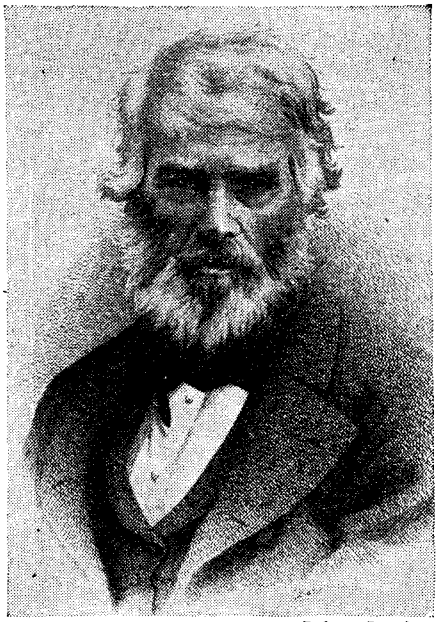
was his experience with masters and schoolboys at Marlow ("today an admirable institution") where he suffered physically and spiritually with quite as much severity as the hero of "Fortitude." "The excessive desire to be loved that has always played so enormous a part in my life was bred largely, I think, from the neglect I suffered there." It was at Marlow and as a consequence of these experiences that he first acquired his vision of Evil that was to make all his novels romantic efforts to show Absolute Evil pitted against Absolute Good rather than conflicts between Good-and-Evil and Evil-and-Good.

The marvel is that the boy emerged at all and from his neurosis created both the Hugh Walpole whom even the most distinguished of his contemporaries loved and the books that secured him a contemporary popularity only Fitzgerald in his heyday surpassed. At first the achievement of popularity (or even publication) seemed as impossible as being happy had at Marlow. His imagining of a "universal popularity" was not realized until he had written and published a great deal everyone agreed was awful; even when, after "Fortitude" appeared in 1913, he started his steady course toward becoming the "idol" American women swarmed over at lectures and whom all but the most sophisticated reviewers praised fulsomely, he could not forget his miserable beginnings or cease to fear that they would lead to a miserable end.

In his men friends, whom he worshiped this side of homosexuality, he was as fortunate as he is in Mr. Hart-Davis's brilliant account of the friendships he had with them. Henry



—*Culver Service.*

Carlyle—"lives by the art he despised."

James loved Walpole's gusto, the mask that protected his inner insecurity, lectured him gently, praised his early novels with discreet and oblique reserve. Conrad and Bennett spoke more openly for and against Walpole's too many novels, but they always loved the man himself. The younger generation of writers, most of whom he befriended after he became famous, loved his generosity and the man from whom it emanated even if they were more than a little skeptical of the quality of his work.

No one probably has ever had a more undiscriminating and enthusiastic love of all people and all things. A small author, a big sunset, an unknown man—he could love them all convincingly. Indeed, if one could make it sound complimentary rather than condescending, one would like to call him the perpetual child of modern literature (provided again one agrees with Wordsworth about childhood). Despite his occasional frets and fumes, despite his inability to discriminate adequately or to criticize severely, his amazing candor and lust for experience make both Hugh Walpole and the best of his fairy stories disguised as realistic novels (which means everything he wrote) an intermittent but still surviving delight.

His bid for long remembrance rests most securely in Mr. Hart-Davis's biography. Hugh Walpole he presents sympathetically, critically, and clearly. Read this biography and you will never again feel the security of a snob who despises the Rogue Herries novels too much to read them. Indeed, it is likely this biography will send you back to some of the novels and you will find them better than you were taught.

Middlewestern Primary

By Christopher Morley

ON many of my best-loved authors
The mantle of invisibility
The coveted cloak of darkness
The privilege of secrecy
Has gently fallen:
Unknown, unread, unmentioned
They are content (as said Sir Thomas Browne)
To be as if they had never been.

Once in a long long while
For loyalty to my faithful love
I mention some of them
But not in the faintest hope
Of diluting their hardwon poppy juice.
I wonder for instance if Harold Stassen
Ever read any of the noble essays
Written by O. W. Firkins
And published by
The University of Minnesota Press?

Strength in Strength

THOMAS CARLYLE: The Life and Ideas of a Prophet. By Julian Symons. New York: Oxford University Press. 308 *pp.* $3.50.

By Gordon N. Ray

AMONG the major desiderata of nineteenth-century studies today is a comprehensive examination of Thomas Carlyle which will place him in his intellectual milieu and determine the relevance of his thought to modern problems in the manner of Lionel Trilling's "Matthew Arnold" or Noel Annan's "Leslie Stephen." Much of the spade-work for this formidable task has been performed during the past twenty years by a succession of distinguished French and American scholars which includes Eric Bentley, Louis Cazamian, the late C. F. Harrold, Emery Neff, Hill Shine, A. C. Taylor, and Louise M. Young. During the same period the shifting kaleidoscope of contemporary history has emphasized the vitality of Carlyle's ideas by showing them in constantly changing perspective. In 1898 H. D. Traill, the editor of the Centenary Edition of Carlyle's "Works," argued that though Carlyle's day as a prophet and teacher was over, he was destined to remain "a great master of literature who lives for posterity by the art which he despised." Yet in 1932 Emery Neff, impressed by the excitement that Carlyle's writings were then arousing in Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, inquired whether he might not have something important to tell to the democracies as well. "The great public is listening to writers who say incompletely and imperfectly what Carlyle said with unparalleled brilliance and cogency. If Victorian clouds do not shroud his lightnings, it may turn next to him." The Italian and German dictatorships have since gone down to defeat. In the United States we assure ourselves more confidently than in the 1930's that it can't happen here. But Russia has meanwhile developed a version of authoritarianism which binds half the world with a stringency that neither Mussolini nor Hitler ever achieved. It can hardly be said, therefore, that Carlyle's comprehension of power-politics, his understanding of the irrational and unconscious aspects of mass motivation, and his awareness of force as the root fact of social organization

Gordon N. Ray is editor of "The Letters and Private Papers of W. M. Thackeray."

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have lost their pertinence for modern readers.

Encouraged by Mr. Symons's subtitle, one turns to his "Thomas Carlyle" in the hope that he has attempted the synthesis we need. An initial sketch of Carlyle's position at the time of his address as rector of the University of Edinburgh in 1866, the effective end of his creative career, also promises well. But it soon becomes evident that Mr. Symons is not really interested in Carlyle's thought. His knowledge of nineteenth-century intellectual history is slight, and he displays little acquaintance with recent Carlylean scholarship. It almost seems, indeed, that he has rephrased for his own guidance a famous question of Sydney Smith's: who reads an American book *about Carlyle?* In view of these deficiencies in his equipment, it is not surprising that his last word hardly differs from Traill's judgment fifty-four years ago. Carlyle "rubbed the wrong lamps," we are told, "but he was a great magician."

Mr. Symons focuses his attention upon Carlyle as a person rather than as a thinker, and with this aspect of his subject he is fully competent to deal. Though his book cannot compare with "Necessary Evil" (the recent biography of Jane Welsh Carlyle, by Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson) in respect to the new information that it provides, he at any rate retells the story of Carlyle's life pleasantly and expertly from the principal published sources. He treats the controversial issues raised by Carlyle's contorted personality sanely and sympathetically. He relates the usual anecdotes with a nice feeling for proportion, and he introduces the customary subordinate figures with a vivid sense of character. If one is surprised to find Fanny Kemble passing unrecognized as "a Mrs. Pierce Butler"; if one is disheartened to discover Carlyle's resounding dismissal of Herbert Spencer as "the most unending ass in Christendom" flattened to "an immeasurable ass," such lapses are infrequent and unimportant. For the most part Mr. Symons makes his way through the jungle of nineteenth-century social history with ease and adroitness.

At one point in his narrative Mr. Symons offers the reader a summary of "Sartor Resartus," remarking by way of excuse, "The book is so little read that a short account of it may be useful." He has here anticipated a fair verdict on his own work. For readers unacquainted with Carlyle, Mr. Symons provides an engaging first glimpse. For those already well versed in things Victorian, he presents little in the way of fact or interpretation that will not already be familiar.

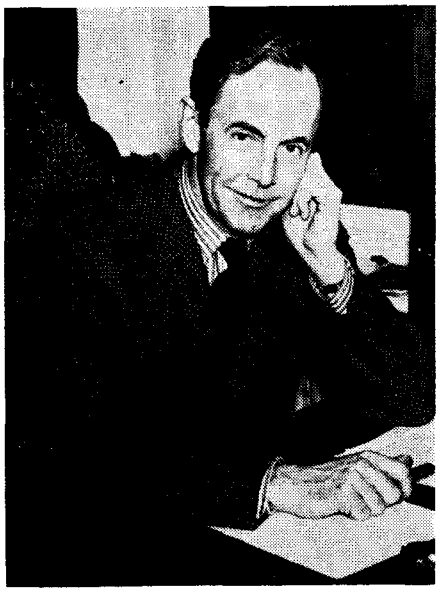
The Peace Which Is Hard to Find

ALL I COULD NEVER BE. By Beverley Nichols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 348 pp. $4.

By R. Ellis Roberts

MR. NICHOLS has been places and met people; unfortunately, if one may judge from this mixture of society gossip, local color, occasional heart-searchings, and autobiography, no one he ever meets interests him as much as does Beverley Nichols. That is all right for readers who enjoy watching Mr. Nichols in excited or admiring rapture at some new attitude. He is—and he admits that he is not yet adult—for all the world like a baby crawling on the floor and suddenly seeing himself in a mirror. Other things in the world interest Mr. Nichols, but it is his own reflection which fascinates him.

Some of his attitudes are as surprising as they are distasteful. In defending that deplorable and ungrateful novel "Evensong," which he wrote about Melba, in whose employment he had been, he writes: "It was inevitable, when Melba died, that I should write a novel about a prima donna. Not to have done so would have been a dereliction of my duty as an artist." As an artist, Mr. Nichols? Vanity of this kind is so simple-



Beverley Nichols—"not yet adult."

minded as to be almost incredible. It should be mentioned, however, that Mr. Nichols writes that "the finest artists are cads all the time," although the lesser can be gentlemen on Mondays and cads on Tuesdays.

The first two hundred pages of this book are on this cheap level, rarely rising above the gossip column. Mr. Nichols's inability ever to give more than a superficial view of the many people he has met is no doubt explained by his very odd standards of social intercourse. In writing of a well-known Edwardian hostess, who had told him stories about her friends, he says, "I would not have listened so attentively to the stories if I had not realized there was money in them."

The last third of the book, however, has more feeling, better taste, and deals not so lightly, even when it is gossipy, with people and events. The change comes when Mr. Nichols writes about his part in the pacifist movement (afterwards repudiated), his search for an escape from his childish secularism, his brief immersion in Buchmanism, and his pathetic attempts to appease the Nazis by giving Ribbentrop a luncheon party and being friendly with Otto von Bismarck. Even the style is not so infuriatingly arch (no longer has it such phrases as Mr. Otto Kahn "was, in short, a very considerable dear") and a certain gravity settles on this luckless man who seemed doomed in the earlier pages to remain perpetually "a bright young thing." In fact, while the earlier part of the book is as vulgar as were "Twenty-Five" and "Are They the Same at Home?," the later pages seem to be written at a different time by a different author.

Towards the end Mr. Nichols relates his adventures at the Olympic Games when they were held in Berlin. He was, through sheer carelessness—he was recovering from a severe nervous breakdown—the cause of the execution of a luckless anti-Nazi whom he had befriended. Without looking at it, he gave the youth a ticket he had received from Lord Burghley, head of the British delegation. He thought it was for standing-room; actually it was for a distinguished guest, and would have put this young man, who had already been in prison for his opinions, in a box just behind Hitler. The boy was arrested and shot the next morning. Mr. Nichols tells the story well. That carelessness of his seems a symbol of the world's attitude towards Nazism.

In these pages, as in the fantastic accounts of his interviews with Ribbentrop, the book rises to the level of really good reporting. It is still a

(*Continued on page* 31)

R. Ellis Roberts at one time was literary editor of the New Statesman *and* Time and Tide *of London.*

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An Open Letter to Milton—— Formidable Pamphleteer

ANTONIO IGLESIAS

NOW that freedom is being as seriously menaced as it was in your day by its friends as well as by its foes, I am writing this letter to you because you certainly knew what to do face to face with a great crisis such as ours. In the present-day crisis, in which the liberty of man is being systematically stifled and openly denied in large sections of the world, even in the most powerful of democracies, here in the United States of America, some of the professed defenders of personal freedom are shortsightedly and foolishly trying to save it in principle by suppressing some of its concrete manifestations. Forgetting in their fright that freedom is what freedom does, overlooking the fact that the means which are used inexorably determine the end which is attained, and borrowing in their blind haste the very weapons of the enemies of freedom, these thoughtless would-be champions of human liberty seem to be bent on destroying it piecemeal so as to keep its grand totality intact, perfect, and undefiled. With their compulsory loyalty oaths, their drastic restrictions of academic freedom, their wholesale expurgations of textbooks, and other similar remedies, they are like the barber-surgeons of your time who sometimes would conscientiously bleed a patient to death to save him from his tuberculosis. That is why I, who love freedom with all my heart but also with my whole mind, write to you now asking for your help in this hour of our great need. For if anyone can be of real assistance in this grave predicament in which we find ourselves, you emphatically are the man to help us.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the third of an occasional series of "Open Literary Letters" by Antonio Iglesias,* SR *contributor and author of "Culture's Emergent Pathway."*

I have often thought of the tremendous price you had to pay for what could have been your loss and certainly has been our gain. One way of estimating that price is to contrast the quiet placidity of your studious youth with the violent tumultuousness of the twenty-odd years you subsequently devoted to party politics. You must have loved freedom and your countrymen very much indeed to have given up the former for the latter activity. In the end, of course, the contemplator of Truth and Beauty and the active defender of Freedom and Justice became fused into the major poet and the great prophet of the Lord; but you could not have foreseen such a supreme fulfillment when, in your thirty-first year, you gave up the gentle pursuit of poetry for the rough-and-tumble of politics.

You yourself have told us how early and how thoroughly you were dedicated to learning: "My father destined me from a child to the pursuits of literature; and my appetite for knowledge was so voracious that, from twelve years of age, I hardly ever left my studies or went to bed before midnight. . . . My eyes were naturally weak, and I was subject to frequent headaches; which, however, could not chill the ardor of my curiosity or retard the progress of my improvement." I am told by your biographers that your teachers at Saint Paul's School later looked upon you as a student of "excellent erudition and somewhat strange views." And at Cambridge University you were considered an outspoken radical for very good reasons, because, among other things, you must have frequently said aloud what you wrote later, that it was hard for you to digest "the asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles" with which the professors stuffed the students' minds, while they "persisted in starving their spirits." All of us who have gone to college know just what you meant by these strong words, although I, for one, found and avidly devoured a fragment of "Areopagitica" in a college textbook, among other nourishing morsels of English literature.

You also must have found rich and nutritious intellectual and spiritual fare at Cambridge, because you have related yourself that when you left the university you thanked "the Fellows of that College who, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, assured me of their singular good affection toward me." And I know from other sources that you were by then a bachelor and a master of arts; a proficient reader of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian and French; a poet who could write poetry with equal facility and felicity in English and in Latin, and an earnest young man of twenty-four who had most seriously decided to devote his life to learning and to literature.

IN SENDING you to Cambridge your loving and admiring father—a musician and composer of distinction, as well as a prosperous money-lender—had hoped that you would also prepare for the church. But you resolutely set your Puritanical mind against such a possibility, alleging that "tyranny had invaded the church" and that, as you could not honestly subscribe to the oaths and the other obligations required of all Anglican clergymen, you "thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking bought and begun with servitude and forswearing." You meant, of course, that you were too good a Christian to make a profitable business of your Christianity, and that, rather than take chances with the shifting Anglicanism of Bishop Laud and of Charles I, you would stake your very life and your eternal salvation in serving both God and your fellowmen as His poet-prophet.

With this high purpose in mind, you "retired" to your father's house in Horton, the "village of rivulets and nightingales," where you stayed during the happiest six years of your

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life. There you had the leisure and the quiet to study, to dream your poet's daydreams, and to "hear myself think in the solitude of the woodlands." There you reread the classics, mastered the organ, studied mathematics, cosmography, and religious as well as secular history, went deeper into your constant study of the Bible, and observed from afar "the iniquitous and tyrannical duncery" of the oppressors of mankind. And it was at Horton that you wrote "Comus" and those wonderful early lyrics of yours: "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas."

Your Italian journey was the fitting culmination of your long, quiet, and studious period of preparation for a noble and useful life. In your thirtieth year you sailed from England, spent a few days in Paris, met there the famous humanist and the father of international law, Hugo Grotius, and set out for Italy by way of Nice. Delighted with Florence and with its inhabitants, you spent two happy months among them, frequenting its chief academies and literary clubs and even reciting from memory, in a few of them, some of your Latin poems. It was in the neighborhood of Florence, during your second stay there, that you "found and visited" the great Galileo, then old and as gloriously blind as you would later become, and still nominally a prisoner to the Inquisition. You spent another two months in Rome, not only going about among its memorable ruins and antiquities and visiting its art galleries, but mixing also with the scholars and the wits of its many learned and literary academies. You were even present at a great musical entertainment given in the princely palace of an outstanding "Papist," Cardinal Francesco Barberini, who honored you with an especially kind personal reception and provided you with the supreme pleasure of listening to the marvelous voice of Leonora Baroni, the most renowned singer of your age. You also tell us that your Italian hosts received you "as a traveler returned to his native land" and that you made excellent and lasting friends there. All in all, it was something of a triumphal tour for a young scholar and poet who was not very well known as yet in his own country; a fitting climax, but also the ironically sunlit prelude to the stormiest and darkest period of your life.

Because upon learning that your beloved England was threatened by a civil and religious war, you immediately canceled all your plans and decided to return home as soon as possible. You had gone south from Rome to Naples intending eventually to journey at leisure from Naples to Greece, then to the Aegean Islands, and, perhaps later, to the Near East. But, as you later wrote, "I thought it base that I should be traveling for intellectual diversion while friends at home were fighting for liberty." You were fully conscious of the great sacrifice that you were making, and yet, as you put it, there was no other choice for you because you were too genuine a Christian and too stern a Puritan to have decided otherwise. At such a critical juncture you could not help yourself for, "when the Church of God was at the foot of her insulting enemies," you would never had forgiven yourself had you refused to employ all that you were and all that you had in her behalf. Up to this time you had earnestly tried to become a great Christian poet; now you had to decide in a hurry to turn into a fighting Christian. And if you forsook temporarily the noble tradition of Homer and Virgil, you undertook without hesitation the nobler and harder vocation of Isaiah and Jeremiah—with the great soul of the other Christian epic poet, Dante Alighieri, appreciatively and approvingly smiling at you from heaven as you did so.

YOU went home, therefore, to write those controversial and belligerent pamphlets that have enabled me to approach you and to write this open letter. Because your political and religious tracts—"Of Reformation Touching Church Discipline," "Of Prelatical Episcopacy," "The Reason of Church Government," and the rest—are as close to the fighting editorials and to the bellicose personal columns of my

(*Continued on page* 33)

—*Culver Service.*

Milton dictating "Paradise Lost"—"too genuine a Christian and too stern a Puritan."

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The Saturday Review

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The Suspicious State

EVERYTHING was rife with suspicion, and even the privacy of the family was hardly exempt from fear. It was however in public that most alarm was felt. With every piece of intelligence that rumor brought, men changed their looks and spirits, anxious not to appear discouraged by unfavorable omens, or too little delighted by success. When the Senate was summoned to the Chamber, it was hard for them to maintain in all things a safe moderation. Silence might seem contumacious, and frankness might provoke suspicion, and Otho, who had lately been a subject, and had used the same language, was familiar with flattery. Accordingly, they discussed various motions on which they had put many constructions. Vitellius they called a public enemy and a traitor to his country, the more prudent contenting themselves with hackneyed terms of abuse, though some threw out reproaches founded in truth, yet only did so in the midst of clamor, and when many voices were heard at once, drowning their own speech in a tumult of words.

THE REWARDS of the informers were no less odious than their crimes; for while some seized on consulships and priestly offices, as their share of the spoil, others on procuratorships, and posts of more confidential authority, they robbed and ruined in every direction amid universal hatred and terror. Slaves were bribed to turn against their masters, and freedmen to betray their patrons; and those who had not an enemy were destroyed by friends.

NEVER WAS ROME more distracted and terror-stricken. Meetings, conversations, the ear of friend and stranger were alike shunned; even things mute and lifeless, the very roofs and walls, were eyed with suspicion.

THE TRUTHFULNESS of history was impaired in many ways; at first, through men's ignorance of public affairs, which were now wholly strange to them, then, through their passion for flattery, or, on the other hand, their hatred of their masters. And so between the enmity of the one and the servility of the other, neither had any regard for posterity. But while we instinctively shrink from a writer's adulation, we lend a ready ear to detraction and spite, because flattery involves the shameful imputation of servility, whereas malignity wears the false appearance of honesty.

WHEREVER ONE TURNED his eyes, wherever his words fell, there was flight and solitude; the streets and public places were forsaken. A few retraced their steps and again showed themselves, shuddering at the mere fact that they had betrayed alarm. "What day," they asked, "will be without some execution, when amid sacrifices and prayers, a time when it is usual to refrain even from a profane word, the chain and halter are introduced? Tiberius has not incurred such odium blindly; this is a studied device to make us believe that there is no reason why the new magistrates should not open the dungeons as well as the temple and the altars."

AND THIS WAS the most dreadful feature of the age, that leading members of the Senate, some openly, some secretly, employed themselves in the very lowest work of the informer. One could not distinguish between aliens and kinsfolk, between friends and strangers, or say what was quite recent, or what half-forgotten from lapse of time. People were incriminated for some casual remark in the forum or at the dinner-table, for everyone was impatient to be the first to mark his victim, some to screen themselves, most from being, as it were, infected with the contagion of the malady.

THE NAME OF LIBERTY was a lying pretext in the mouths of men who, base in private, dangerous in public life, had nothing to hope except from civil discord.

A ROMAN KNIGHT, Marcus Terentius, at the crisis when all others had hypocritically repudiated the friendship of Sejanus, dared, when impeached on that ground, to cling to it by the following avowal to the Senate: "In my position it is perhaps less to my advantage to acknowledge than to deny the charge. Still, whatever is to be the issue of the matter, I shall admit that I was the friend of Sejanus, that I anxiously sought to be such, and was delighted when I was successful. I had seen him his father's colleague in the command of the praetorian cohorts, and subsequently combining the duties of civil and military life. His kinsfolk and connections were loaded with honors; intimacy with Sejanus was in every case a powerful recommendation to the emperor's friendship. Those, on the contrary, whom he hated, had to struggle with danger and humiliation. I take no individual as an instance. All of us who had no part in his last design I mean to defend at the peril of myself alone. It was really not Sejanus of Vulsinii, it was a member of the Claudian and Julian houses, in which he had taken a position by his marriage-alliance, it was your son-in-law, Caesar, your partner in the consulship, the man who administered your political functions, whom we courted. It is not for

August 28

By David McCord

A flock of swallows have gone flying
south;
The bluejay carries acorns in his
mouth.
I don't know where he carries them
or why.
I'm never sure I like the bluejay's cry,
But still I like his blue shape in the
sky.

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us to criticise one whom you may raise above all others, or your motives for so doing. Heaven has intrusted you with the supreme decision of affairs, and for us is left the glory of obedience. And, again, we see what takes place before our eyes, who it is on whom you bestow riches and honors, who are the most powerful to help or to injure. That Sejanus was such no one will deny. To explore the prince's secret thoughts, or any of his hidden plans, is a forbidden, a dangerous thing, nor does it follow that one could reach them."

THE COURAGE of this speech and the fact that there had been found a man to speak out what was in all people's thoughts had such an effect that the accusers of Terentius were sentenced to banishment or death, their previous offenses being taken into account. Then came a letter from Tiberius against Sextus Vestilius, an ex-praetor, whom, as a special favorite of his brother Drusus, the Emperor had admitted into his own select circle. His reason for being displeased with Vestilius was that he had either written an attack on Caius Caesar as a profligate, or that Tiberius believed a false charge. For this Vestilius was excluded from the prince's table. He then tried the knife with his aged hand, but again bound up his veins, opening them once more however on having begged for pardon by letter and received a pitiless answer. After him a host of persons were charged with treason, Annius Pollio, Appius Silanus, Scaurus Mamercus, Sabinus Calvisius, Vinicianus too, coupled with Pollio, his father, men all of illustrious descent, some too of the highest political distinction. The senators were panic-stricken, for how few of their number were not connected by alliance or by friendship with this multitude of men of rank!

THERE WAS A charge of treason against Considius Proculus. While he was celebrating his birthday without a fear, he was hurried before the Senate, condemned and instantly put to death. His sister Sancia was outlawed, on the accusation of Quintus Pomponius, a restless spirit, who pretended that he employed himself in this and like practices to win favor with the sovereign, and thereby alleviate the perils hanging over his brother Pomponius Secundus.

Pompeia Macrina too was sentenced to banishment. Her husband, Argolicus, and her father-in-law, Laco, leading men of Achaia, had been ruined by the Emperor. Her father likewise, an illustrious Roman knight, and her brother, an ex-praetor, seeing their doom was near, destroyed themselves. It was imputed to them as a crime that their great-grandfather Theophanes of Mitylene had been one of the intimate friends of Pompey the Great, and that after his death Greek flattery had paid him divine honors.

THE INFORMERS were never weary. Ancharius Priscus had prosecuted Caesius Cordus, proconsul of Crete, for extortion, adding a charge of treason, which then crowned all indictments. Antistius Vetus, one of the chief men of Macedonia, was recalled by the Emperor himself, with a censure on the judges, to be tried for treason, as a seditious man who had been implicated in the designs of Rhescuporis, when that king after the murder of his brother Cotys had meditated war against us. The accused was accordingly outlawed, with the further sentence that he was to be confined in an island from which neither Macedonia nor Thrace were conveniently accessible.

MY PURPOSE is not to relate at length every act, but only such as were conspicuous for excellence or notorious for infamy. This I regard as history's highest function, to let no worthy action be uncommemorated, and to hold out the reprobation of posterity as a terror to evil words and deeds. So corrupted indeed and debased was that age by sychophancy that not only the foremost citizens who were forced to save their grandeur by servility, but every ex-consul, most of the ex-praetors, and a host of inferior senators would rise in eager rivalry to propose shameful and preposterous motions.

—P. CORNELIUS TACITUS, 55-117 A.D., *in "The Annals" and "The Histories."*

Good News

▶ American naturalists please copy! Billboards and neon signs spoiling the landscape around Italian resorts will no longer be tolerated. A law for the defense of Italian landscape has been enacted recently. The ministerial committee responsible for enforcement has already approved plans covering the islands of Capri and Ischia in the Bay of Naples and of Portofino and Nervi on the Italian Riviera.

▶ The Soviet Union, which has claimed the invention of practically everything, has finally shown a bit of generosity. A Soviet delegate to the United Nations said the United States was entitled to credit for the first waffle iron, the hot-dog machine, and the electric chair.

▶ Labor-management relations may take an entirely new turn thanks to a British pilot. When the chairman of the British Overseas Airways Corp. asked the pilot to buy a parrot for him in Africa, the pilot did so, but gave the bird a little coaching on the trip home. On its arrival in London the bird could say: "More pay for air crews!"

▶ The "weaker" sex can take care of itself. When an escaped convict broke into a summer lodge near Jackson, Michigan, occupied by nine Girl Scouts and four women leaders twice during the night recently he emerged a beaten man both times. The scouts pounded him with shoes until he finally fled. After his capture by a farmer the convict exclaimed: "It was like being in a beehive."

▶ There is no income tax in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

▶ Two Italian boys have been awarded prizes for national solidarity for "piggybacking" a crippled classmate to school for a whole year. The two teenagers carried the boy—whose legs were put in a plaster cast—for three kilometers back and forth from his parents' cabin on top of a mountain to the Southern Tyrol village school.

▶ Patients undergoing surgery may look forward to being served "cocktails" by their surgeons instead of ordinary anesthetics. According to Dr. Michael M. Miller of Washington the new technique is to mix standard barbiturate anesthetics with alcohol rather than water. Experiments with this solution in the operating room at Freedman's Hospital produced "remarkable" results, he said, explaining that the alcohol eliminated most of the hazards inherent in the sleep-producing barbiturates.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

History Revised

▶ ACCORDING TO THE REVIEWS of Charles Callan Tansill's and Ralph de Toledano's books [*SR* Aug. 2] both authors construct the thesis that the Japanese Empire was either maneuvered or precipitated into war in 1941 by the Government of the United States. I have noted with interest that this concept of the "war guilt" of the United States has been most actively pushed by a small but forceful group of writers and a smaller but equally vigorous group of publishers. From this thesis one can only infer that at Yokosuka the wrong men were tried by the International Military Tribunal and that there should have been imprisoned at Sugamo jail not the military and civilian leaders of the Japanese catastrophe but the President of the United States and his aides.

Now this is an interesting and patriotic revision of history but it fails to convince because of the lack of one historical factor. The proponents ought to study the history of Japan. A working knowledge of the Japanese language is more useful in assessing the relations of Japan with any given country than a thorough knowledge of American politics. I believe that a study of the materials of the history of Japan from 1920 would indicate that in Japan itself there was some slight urge to war—an urge that seemed to increase with the official nurture of extreme nationalism, the complete emasculation of parliamentary government, the accretion of power in the hands of the War and Navy Ministry, the official dominance and manipulation of mob action and emotion, the establishment of a totalitarian state, and perhaps the fact of war itself, commencing in 1931 in Manchuria and culminating in January 1941 when the operations orders for war on the United States were drafted.

No doubt the Japanese today are deriving some comfort from the Tansill-Toledano thesis of their innocence. It is, I believe, neither fruitful nor entirely honest to write of international relations solely in the context of United States politics and it borders, again my opinion, on the treasonable to give such aid and comfort to the ex-enemy.

J. A. HARRISON.

Gainesville, Fla.

"Man" and "Disaster"

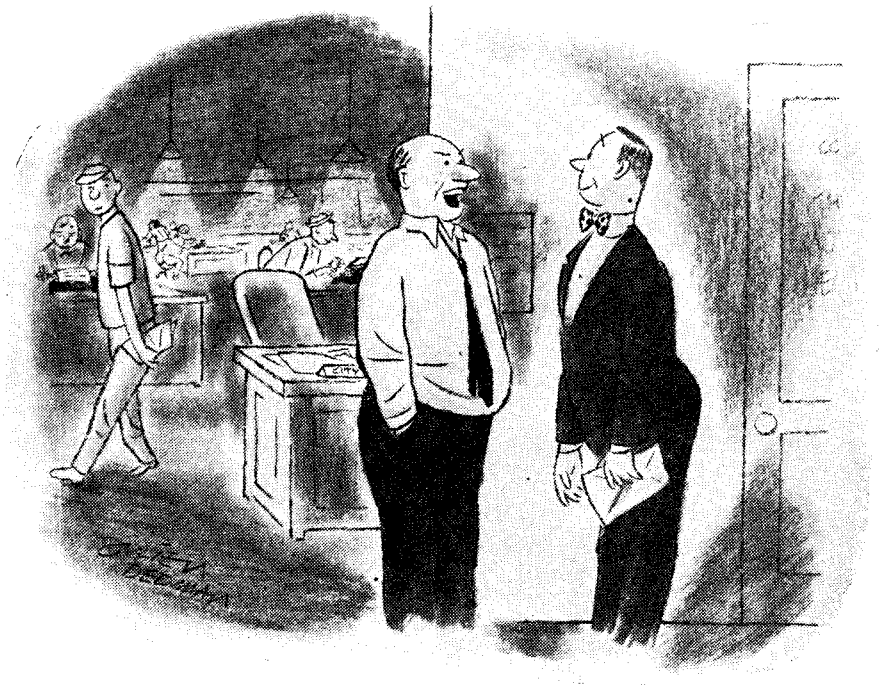
▶ THE CONTRASTING THESES of "The Third Man" [*SR* July 5] and H. A. Overstreet's "Alternatives to Disaster" [*SR* Aug. 9] strikingly exhibit the dominant American theories for the solution of current world problems.

Generally speaking, Mowrer's view considers Communist militarism the sole threat to our liberties. The deliberate mass production of "third men" indicates a willingness to compromise liberal ideals in the interest of producing an effective military counter-force. In this negativist theory our basic freedoms and ideals are conceived as treasures to be placed "temporarily" into a glass case and jealously guarded from external dangers. Extremists and moderates, sharing to a greater or less degree the belief that an ultimate war with Russia is inevitable, accept the essence of this view.

The more hopeful Overstreet thesis sees in the complexities of the present world crisis a diffused threat, both internal and external, one which cannot be met by compromise but only through strengthening, reactivating, and extending our liberal ideas throughout the world. Specifically this approach suggests the expansion of such programs as Point Four, UNESCO, and other U.N. cooperative activities for the actualization of a positive philosophy. Our basic freedoms and ideals, rather than "third men" and atom bombs, are recognized to be our most powerful weapons against the spread of totalitarianism.

CHARLES W. GRIFFIN JR.

Erlton, N. J.



"When you bring in your book reviews, young man, quit yelling 'stop the presses'!"

A New Battlefront

▶ IN MY PRESENT FOX-HOLE I enjoy reading the bulletins from H. Q. in *SR* about how the battles are progressing on the Writing, Publishing, and Book-Selling fronts. General Ballantine says [*SR* June 28, LETTERS TO THE EDITOR] the way to win the war is to publish original books at 35¢; General Klein says [*SR* July 5, LETTERS TO THE EDITOR] it is up to the trade publisher to hold the line; General Strauss blames it all on the writer [*SR* May 17, "The Illiterate American Writer"]. At any rate it is easy to see that the war isn't going too well.

As a participant on all three fronts (I sold books for a short time, I was an editor for five years—in both the 25¢ and trade fields, and I am now trying to be a writer) I agree with each in turn, but somehow don't feel that they're any of them anywhere near a solution of the problem. It's a situation almost as deadlocked as Korea.

General Ballantine is right, of course. How can we have a living literature when it is restricted to the distribution provided by the 1,000 or so first-class book stores? On the other hand, he admits that there is a considerable limitation to the sort of literature that can be purveyed through the hundreds of thousands of newsstand outlets. He offers only partial relief for a special sort of writer (as usual the one who is doing fairly well as it is).

General Klein is right. The trade publishers are cutting their own throats (and endangering the author's) by their emphasis on the quick sale to the book clubs, the reprints, the movies, the magazines. (Again it is the experimental or original writer who suffers.)

General Strauss has written one of the most cogent and hard-hitting pieces I've read on what's wrong with the post-World-War-II writer. (Perhaps it's because I served longest on the editorial front that I find him most convincing.) They (I should say *we*) are lacking in courage, loyalty, and education. The three aspects boil down to the last. The well-read writer knows from the examples on his book shelves that the literary profession has always been one of the most hazardous and least rewarding and that its primary qualification is belief in oneself and guts; knowing the odds, he is prepared for a realistic gamble. Simi-

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larly the loyalty to the republic of letters that General Strauss demands can only come from a long immersion in and identification with the world's literature.

But Mr. Strauss (to return him to his civilian status) negates his whole argument when he fulminates against "creative writing courses, the G. I. Bill, the university fellowships, the foundations, and the publishers' contracts." How on earth does he expect the young writer to achieve his education?

As Virginia Woolf says in her essay "The Leaning Tower": ". . . It is astonishing how little stress has been laid on the writer's education. It is perhaps because the writer's education is so much less definite than those of other educations. Reading, listening, talking, travel, leisure—many different things it seems to me are mixed together . . . And he has to be taught his art. Again is that strange? Nobody thinks it strange if you say that a painter has to be taught his art; or a musician; or an architect. Equally a writer must be taught."

Or rather, as Mr. Strauss would emphasize, he must learn for himself. But he has to have the opportunity, the leisure, the incentive, the freedom to do this. Under present conditions the jobs at which a writer can earn his living (such as publishing) leave little time for these essentials. In his distrust of the "paper benefits" and the undue faith the beginning writer sometimes puts in them, Mr. Strauss forgets that often they are the only way in which the writer can serve his apprenticeship—unless he jumps into premature print to gain them. The G. I. Bill, the fellowships, etc., give the writer a chance to travel, to read, to talk to different kinds of people, to experiment—the only chance he has to learn his trade in Virginia Woolf's sense. In short, to get away from the "small town" which Mr. Strauss so justly deplores.

The creative artist needs help—as N. C. said in the editorial "The Garret and the Masterpiece" [*SR* July 5]. Writers need G. I. Bills and fellowships and anything else they can get that will keep them going while writing their book. Anything that will keep them from streetwalking in front of the slicks and the pulps and Hollywood (an aspect of the problem Mr. Strauss hardly mentioned). But even more they need an audience for the book when it is finished. Perhaps the foundations should finance publication of the new and experimental writing they bring into being in the same way that they finance dissemination of the scientific research they encourage. Perhaps subsidies to publishers and to quarterlies would be more valuable in the long run than just financing writers. Perhaps the publishers (trade and paper-back) could get together with the booksellers and the book clubs to cut risks on publishing the off-track book. A good augury is the recent 50¢ publication "New World Writing." Perhaps—heaven forbid and most unlikely—the State will step in.

As it now stands the publishers have only themselves to blame if the writing is as slipshod, commercial, ephemeral, and illiterate as their own timidity and the demands of a shrinking market—abetted by the requirements of the book clubs and the reprint houses—encourage.

DONALD DEMAREST.

Mexico City, Mexico.

For Candidates

▶ LET EISENHOWER AND STEVENSON read and ponder the fine editorial "Speech for a Presidential Candidate" [*SR* Aug. 2]. There can be no clearer exposition of the fact that in the matter of human needs "little or nothing can be done so long as the world's peoples live under war or the fear of war," nor a more fervent plea for an enforceable peace under a world government.

Yet there is, alas, a chance to misunderstand that editorial—a chance to read into it an attempt to make the world government adopt not only peace for its object, but also the spreading of our way of life. With plenty of imagination it is even possible to hear Joe Stalin saying:

> Let us not shrink from the concept of government on a world scale. That is what the human race needs. . . . The response of certain leaders of certain nations to such a proposal does not trouble me. . . . It is not an exclusive or selfish movement. It seeks nothing except the greater good of man. . . . The forward thrusts in history have not always been the product of universal assent but of courageous and persistent leadership behind a great idea.

If the international anarchy is to be ended, and if we play our proper part in setting up the necessary world government, that government will not impose alien ideologies on the nations but will allow them to solve their domestic problems in their own way, with lots of help and advice and persuasion from us, but with no forcible intervention. That, I am sure, is what the editors intend and what Joe Stalin does not intend.

ARNOLD ROMBERG.

Austin, Tex.

Ad-lay Not Ad-lie

▶ IN VIEW OF Governor Adlai E. Stevenson's recent nomination as Democratic Presidential candidate, your readers may be interested in what he wrote me about his first name:

"Mark Twain has always been one of my favorite persons, although I have always felt he was somewhat responsible for the confusion that exists as to how to pronounce my first name.

"While my grandfather, Adlai E. Stevenson was Vice President of the United States under Grover Cleveland, Mark Twain was at a luncheon where Grandfather was a guest. The newspapers of the time quoted Mark Twain as follows on the pronunciation of my first name:

> Philologists sweat and lexicographers bray,
> But the best they can do is to call him Ad-lay.
> But at longshoremen's picnics, where accents are high,
> Fair Harvard's not present, so they call him Ad-lie.

"Anyway, the correct pronunciation is 'Ad-lay,' although, to put it mildly, I have been called many things."

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Webster Groves, Mo.

A Tennessee Feud

▶ IN THE REVIEW of my new book, "Smoky Mountain Country" [*SR* July 12], James W. Livingood asks, "How could 'almost two hundred thousand persons have poured into the Smoky Mountain Country through the Cumberland Gap by 1790,' when the flow of migration was in the other direction?"

The answer to this question is simple. Though the flow of migration was later in the other direction, the *early* influx of Scotch-Irish who came down the Great Valley from Pennsylvania did pour into and through the Cumberland Gap to the tune of almost 200,000 by 1790. (Sources: *East Tenn. Historical Society Publication,* No. 1, 1929; W. M. Rogers, "Life in East Tennessee Near the End of the 18th Century"; Horace Kephart, "Our Southern Highlanders"; T. P. Abernethy, "From Frontier to Plantation in Tennessee"; *Common Ground Magazine,* Summer, 1943, "America's Folk Music," by David Ewen.)

The other question in the review was, "How could the independent State of Franklin have sought and failed to secure annexation to North Carolina because the latter feared an increase in Federal taxes, when the Franklinites were in revolt from North Carolina, the parent state of the over-mountain men?"

My book does not say that the State of Franklin did seek to secure such annexa-

BOLT

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tion. What it does say, on page 22, is that "at first, the 100,000 people of this territory had sought annexation to North Carolina, but the latter, fearing additional Federal taxes if enlarged, would have none of it. So the new state was formed, taking its name from Benjamin Franklin." So what the book actually says is that the territory sought such annexation *before* it became the State of Franklin. (Sources: Theodore Roosevelt, "The Winning of the West"; Philip M. Hamer: "Tennessee, a History"; Charles Spencer Hart, "General Washington's Son of Israel and Other Forgotten Heroes of History.")

NORTH CALLAHAN.

Crestwood, N. Y.

▶ IN THE FIRST POINT of argument our difference seems to be over facts of geography or direction. The early settlers in the Tennessee country, according to all creditable sources, arrived through the natural channel of the Valley of Virginia into upper East Tennessee and through a number of mountain gaps from North Carolina. Cumberland Gap, a great cleft in the Cumberland Plateau, is to the west. It was soon recognized as a natural gateway to Kentucky, a frontier land also, which received many of its settlers from the south via the Gap. Some of these people were from Tennessee or passed through its area, but the trails through Cumberland Gap, and later the Wilderness Road, did not and could not have "poured" settlers into the Smoky Mountain Country. Rogers, in his article cited by Mr. Callahan, doesn't mention Cumberland Gap and but one mention appears in the index of Abernethy in reference to this land route to the west, and this relates to James Robertson's trek to the Cumberland settlements.

The second issue relates to the complex story of the State of Franklin which Mr. Callahan summarized in one paragraph. According to Mr. Callahan's response to my question, his misunderstanding grows. The region which was to become known as the State of Franklin was a part of North Carolina until that state ceded its western lands to the United States on June 2, 1784. Why, then, would it seek annexation?

Furthermore, Mr. Callahan had overestimated the population of the region. Samuel Cole Williams, the leading historian of early Tennessee, in his book "The History of the Lost State of Franklin," which is not cited by Mr. Callahan, on page 268 gives several estimates of population ranging from 25,000 to 39,000. These figures certainly seem reasonably accurate as the census taken in the territory of the State of Tennessee just prior to statehood in 1796 shows 77,262 persons for the entire area, of whom 65,338 lived in the eight eastern counties in the general area where the State of Franklin had been (Hamer, vol. 1, p. 170).

It is hoped that *SR* readers will not regard this difference as another feud out of the mountain country but rather as a wholesome disagreement illustrative of that Tennessee characteristic of stubborn independence of mind.

JAMES W. LIVINGOOD.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Work in Progress

READERS *may be able to assist the following, who are looking for material pertaining to their areas of investigation:*

The University of Kentucky, at Lexington, is compiling the letters to and from Henry Clay. Any material should be addressed to James F. Hopkins. . . . Robert D. Lundy, of the University of California at Berkeley, is trying to determine the distribution of the Argonaut Manuscript Edition of the works of Frank Norris published by Doubleday in 1928. He would appreciate it if the present owners of this edition would communicate with him. . . . Lieut. Sidney W. Brossman, at Headquarters, First Medium Tank Battalion, Fort Hood, Tex., would like materials or information relating to the textual problems, stage history, and criticism of John Dryden's "Cleomenes."

Kimball Flaccus, 42 Horatio St., New York, N. Y., seeks anecdotes, press clippings, photographs, and drawings of Edgar Lee Masters. . . . Mrs. J. P. Moore, Route 4, Box 1284, Birmingham, Ala.,

wishes material for a proposed biography of Julia Tutwiler, Alabama educator and social reformer. . . . Henry P. Macomber, curator of the Newton Collection of the Babson Institute Library in Babson's Park, Mass., wishes to locate the owners of the 1687 and 1726 editions of Newton's "Principia." . . . E. C. Herber is preparing a biography of Spencer Fullerton Baird and wishes original material relating to his life. He can be reached at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. . . . For a biography of Dorothy Dix (Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer), Harnett T. Kane, 5919 Freret Street, New Orleans, La., desires letters, writings, and recollections. . . . Armistead S. Pride, of Lincoln University in Jefferson City, Mo., searches for files of Negro newspapers and magazines now in private hands for a proposed volume on the Negro press.

Margaret Widdemer, of 1 West 67 St., New York, N. Y., is collecting personal data for a biography of Adelina Patti. . . . Louise Hening Johnson, Yale University Library, New Haven, Conn., would like old letters, diaries, or newspaper clippings referring to the American visits of Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope for a book on the impact of America on these authors. . . . Dorothy Norman, 124 East 70 st., New York, N. Y., is writing a biography of Alfred Stieglitz and editing a volume of his letters. She is looking for originals or copies of letters as well as anecdotes or accounts of conversations.

Mary Arny, of the Federated Naturalists of New Jersey, Upper Montclair, N. J., is interested in collecting stories of animals which changed the course of history. . . . Basil Davenport, Book-of-the-Month Club, 100 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y., is trying to locate a short story which appeared in an English magazine ten years ago entitled "The Book." The story is about a man who inherited some books, one of which proved to be a book of Satanism. . . . Grace Flandrau is assembling the letters of Charles Macomb Flandrau, author of "Viva Mexico" and "The Diary of a Freshman." She can be reached at 470 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

In preparation for the publication of "Annual," Paul Tabori, 14 Stafford Terrace, London W.8, England, is anxious to get in touch with exiled writers in the western hemisphere who wish to submit manuscripts. . . . Nancy R. Leach of Ivyland, Pa., wishes information and letters of Edith Wharton for a critical biography.

Croswell Bowen, who can be reached at 32 S. Cottenet St., Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., is interested in obtaining any letters to or from A. Oakey Hall, a mayor of New York. He would also like information on Louis Jarvis Jennings, an editor of *The New York Times* who attacked Hall. . . . Any items concerning Henry Wikoff, impresario for the American tour of the ballet artist Fanny Elssler should be sent to Allison Delarue, Box 282, Princeton, N. J. . . . Jean Downey, 95 Pembroke Street, Hartford, Conn., would appreciate biographical information and letters of Rose Terry Cooke. . . . J. W. Dees is anxious to get news clippings, stories, personal events, or poems concerning Mary McLeod Bethune for an official biography. Professor Dees is at Bethune-Coomman College, Daytona Beach, Fla.

Archibald Gracie, merchant-fleet owner in the eighteenth century, is the subject of a biography which Jeannette Edwards Rattray, Box 276, East Hampton, Long Island, N. Y., is writing. Any information bearing on Gracie and his family, or on Robert Lenox, his friend, would be appreciated by Mrs. Rattray. . . . Walter McIntosh Merrill, 12 Gregory Street, Marblehead, Mass., is writing a biography of William Lloyd Garrison under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies. He would like to see documents and manuscript letters pertaining to Garrison and the abolitionists and Garrison's early years in Newburyport, Mass. . . . C. Arnold Anderson of the University of Kentucky seeks photographs of commonplace items, houses, implements, village streets from the various regions of rural China for a book on the social life of the Chinese peasant. . . . William Francis, of the Yale drama department, would like to hear of incidents of scene-stealing in the theatre.

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Music to My Ears

FROM MOZART TO MILHAUD, BOTH VERY MUCH ALIVE

ASPEN, COLO.

THE music-making at Aspen took on a new character of interest and importance at a few minutes before four on the first Sunday of August, when a large man of middle years, supporting himself on a pair of crooked-handle walking sticks, came to the entrance of the tented amphitheatre where the festival concerts take place, and paused before venturing the steep decline to his seat.

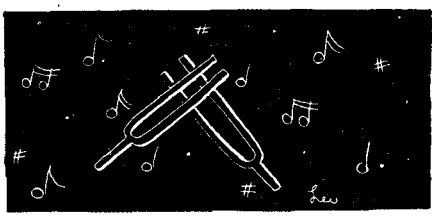
This was Darius Milhaud, an authentic representative of the long French tradition of music-making stretching back to Couperin le Grand (and before), resident now in San Francisco, who honors Aspen each summer with his presence as advisor to the composition department and as physical likeness of music incarnate. Aspen would like to have him for the full summer session, but Mme. Milhaud's commitments at the Maison Français of Mills College limits his free time to the month of August. (The cause and effect is explained by his need for aid in getting about.) However, Milhaud's long battle with arthritis seems to be going in his favor now. A year ago he could hardly make his way to the inside of the amphitheatre; this year he sidled down the sloping cement floor, settled into a chair, and prepared to enjoy the music-making which included, along with Virgil Thomson's setting of five poems by William Blake and the B flat Concerto of Mozart (K.456), with Rudolf Firkusny as piano soloist, the first performance in America of Milhaud's song cycle "Alissa."

A long, complex, and deeply expressive work, derived from André Gide's "La Porte Etroite," it probes the emotions of Alissa, a girl of deeply religious feeling, who feels herself unworthy of the love of her young cousin Jerome, and eventually impels herself, emotionally, into an early death rather than become his wife. If a sunlit August afternoon is hardly the ideal surrounding for absorption of the eloquently troubled music Milhaud has provided for the dozen and a half fragments of the text he elected to set, it intensified one's valuation of the accomplishment that it took command of the attention nevertheless.

The song cycle is one of the most difficult of art forms to handle (if a category including works so various as Schubert's "Schöne Müllerin" and Debussy's "Proses lyriques" can be called an "art form") and only the bravest contemporaries venture it. Milhaud has not only been brave but highly successful in his undertaking, which allots a liberal share of interest to the piano, including an extended solo meditation two-thirds of the way through the cycle before the singer launches into the culminating group of excerpts from Alissa's diary. The texture and melodic line, the feeling for word and phrase are exemplary of Milhaud at his best—which, as the world knows, is very good indeed.

With due appreciation of the intelligent artistry expended by Herta Glaz as the mezzo voice and Brooks Smith at the piano, one felt that the work was making its effect in spite of rather than because of them. Such an ambitious effort requires a "break in" of four or five performances before all its values of pace, mood, and emphasis are wholly adjusted; and the legend "First American Performance" on the program was rather explicit on this point. To sing it, under the circumstances, for a discriminating audience (including the composer) was a considerable challenge for Miss Glaz, to which she applied all the resources of her considerable musicianship. However, French is scarcely her best language, which added to the inequalities of the end result. Doubtless she will know considerably more about it next time she sings the work, with Milhaud at hand to work it over with her. To those who might have wondered whether the "staging" Miss Glaz used (she sat before a small tabouret on which was perched a large, antique-looking gold-bound volume) was part of the composer's plan, his own answer might be revelatory. Asked if it was "a prescribed part of the score," he answered crisply, "I suppose it is now."

The warmth and obvious regard with which Milhaud was applauded at the work's end was likewise in evidence for Virgil Thomson's settings of Blake. In the composer's absence, Mack Harrell shared the applause with Joseph Rosenstock, who conducted the student orchestra's playing of the score. This is the first unfamiliar vocal music of Thomson I have heard in some time, and it revived all the old esteem engendered by "The Mother of Us All." Everyone has his own idea of how so familiar a lyric as "Tiger! Tiger!" or "The Little Black Boy" should sound when musicalized; Thomson has done a work of remarkable influence in persuading us that his way is the logical, the inevitable one. Of equal sensibility was his setting of "The Divine Image" and "And Did Those Feet," whose simple melodic flow and artful instrumentation gave added substance to the belief that, in prosody and scansion, Thomson's resources are far beyond those of any other native composer. The weak link in this chain was "The Land of Dreams," which did not come off in this rendition. Otherwise it was all virtue, with Harrell's excellent capacities in thorough agreement with the needs of the music.



THE other music-making of the two week-end concerts ranged from a "Sonata a tre" by the San Francisco-born, Milhaud-influenced Charles Jones, which left an impression of mood and communication in its slow movement but of little more than skilled craftsmanship otherwise (Szymon Goldberg, Nikolai Graudan, and Brooks Smith were the interpreters), to Firkusny's spirited and sympathetic playing of Mozart. This is a new role for him, in my experience, and one that he fills with greatly endorsable artistry. He had a loyal companion in Rosenstock, but the playing of the so-called "festival" orchestra was good by the student standards that should prevail, rather lax by the professional ones that were implied. Firkusny also had a large share in the happy impression conveyed by the Second Sonata of Albert Roussel, in which Roman Totenberg was the deft, artistically assured violinist. Described as Opus 28 and copyrighted in the mid-Twenties, it suggests a blend of Franck and Ravel with a total flavor quite unique.

To complete the cross section of an Aspen week end, mention should be made of Anne Bollinger's rather naïve singing of five Hugo Wolf songs and a sound performance of the Brahms G major Sextet on the program with the Jones and Roussel works. As the foregoing suggests, performance standards in Aspen are variable as they are elsewhere; but the sense of synthesis that flourishes in this air, blending the ethical with the philosophical and the political with the artistic, subtly pervades the musical activity as well. Mozart to Milhaud is a long span, but they cohabit at Aspen otherwise than alphabetically. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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SR Goes to the Movies

WATCH THE FORDS GO BY

—From "The Quiet Man."

Barry Fitzgerald and Maureen O'Hara—"rewarding in the extreme."

VETERAN director John Ford has probably more hit pictures to his credit than any two men in Hollywood. With Frank Capra he shares the distinction of having won the most Academy Awards. Long recognized as an accomplished commercial film maker, with "The Informer" (1935) movie-goers began to look on him as an artist as well. Social consciousness was revealed in his "The Grapes of Wrath," mysticism a while later in "The Fugitive." In between his better films, however, Ford has always been willing to busy himself on potboilers, pictures that have added nothing to his prestige but which, he has often stated, make it easier for him to direct what he likes from time to time. Chameleonlike, he can follow "The Informer" with a "Hurricane" or a "Wee Willie Winkie," "The Grapes of Wrath" with a "Tobacco Road," "The Quiet Man" with a "What Price Glory?"

Part of the answer, of course, lies in his writers. With Dudley Nichols, Ford did most of his best work. Nunnally Johnson and Frank S. Nugent have often furnished him with sympathetic material. Given an undistinguished script, Ford can turn it out competently, efficiently, and on schedule. (The latter is considered one of the supreme virtues in the Hollywood studios.) But when he has something that engages his interest and enthusiasm, Ford becomes another man entirely: inventive, ingenious, just short of inspired. He has a great gift for developing character; he is sensitive to the atmosphere of his pictures, the pace of his stories. Always a superb craftsman, he uses his vast knowledge of the techniques of film-making for vivid, colorful narration.

In "The Quiet Man" (Republic) Ford proves that after thirty years of directing he can still be fresh and excited—and better still, can communicate that excitement to his audience. Though American born, Ford has frequently displayed an interest in Ireland, the land of his forebears. With this film, for the first time, he has been able to take his cameras there and train them upon the countryside he loves. The results are rewarding in the extreme. His Ireland, revealed in exquisite Technicolor, is an emerald dream world of soft meadows and slow, clear brooks, of ancient trees and massive, stone-hewn houses. Its people are colorful, charming, quaint.

But Ford is not making a travelogue. There is a story to "The Quiet Man"—and a strange one it is. Sean Thornton, the quiet man, is a prize fighter who returns to his native Inisfree after killing a man in the ring. He wants nothing more than to marry and settle down in the cottage he was born in. But by buying the cottage he has invoked the wrath of "Red" Danaher, a great brute of a man who had wanted the property for himself. And Danaher's sister is the girl that Sean wants to marry. Thornton reluctantly settles their differences in a battle royal that covers miles and lasts for hours. A good fight, the picture says, makes everybody friends.

Actually, it is just as well that someone of Irish blood made this film. Had it come from anyone else there might have been protests. The Irish are shown as brawling, drinking, and dishonest. Even the priests will blink at the truth if they can argue some greater good. Ford, in his great affection for these people, has covered it all with the saving grace of good humor. But even so, the scene in which Sean drags his truant wife five miles through brush and pasture to fling her at the feet of her brother will seem crude and brutal to many sensibilities.

For his film, John Ford has assembled virtually the entire John Ford stock company. Frank S. Nugent wrote the script. John Wayne plays Thornton in the dead-pan, tight-lipped style that has made him so incredibly popular. Maureen O'Hara, beautiful in Technicolor, is the wife and Victor McLaglen her brother, while Mildred Natwick contributes a neat bit as a wealthy but aging widow. The prize role, however, falls to Barry Fitzgerald. As a drink-cadging local busybody, he gets all the best lines and most of the best scenes. "The Quiet Man" runs long—well over two hours—but Ford has managed everything so well that it seems scarcely half that length.

BACK in Hollywood, the Irish junket over, Ford went to work almost immediately on a new version of "What Price Glory?" (20th Century-Fox), adapted for routine dramatics by

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BUY U.S. DEFENSE BONDS

Phoebe and Henry Ephron from the famous play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings. The original may never have been great shakes either as literature or as anti-war propaganda, but at least it had some guts, some liveliness, and a point of view.

For far too long it is impossible to predict whether this "What Price Glory?" is going to be straight drama or a musical. Dan Dailey as Sergeant Quirt doesn't help matters any, seeming perpetually on the point of carrying Corinne Calvet out into the town square for a big production number. As it is, Calvet gets in more than enough choruses of French-type songs and Marisa Pavan, an Ephron addition, croons something about "My Love, My Life" to Robert Wagner, a young, unhappy private. James Cagney, swaggering through his Captain Flagg role, also manages to suggest that a buck and wing is just in the offing. Ford does offer a few well-staged scenes, notably an attack in which the men rise suddenly, silently, out of the swamp grass that conceals them, and a shellhole sequence weirdly lit by red, green, and blue flares. But it has all been so prettied up that even the immortal interchange, "Sez you . . . Sez me," is missing. What price glory now, Messrs. Anderson and Stallings?

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

The Quiet Man: Reviewed in this issue.

The Big Sky: An engrossing and highly scenic screen adaptation of A. B. Guthrie Jr.'s novel. (*SR* Aug. 16.)

Son of Paleface: Bob Hope in a "wild man" film reminiscent of Keaton and Lloyd. (*SR* Aug. 9.)

Ivanhoe: A somewhat denatured but still splendiferous mounting of Scott's Norman-Saxon classic. (*SR* Aug. 2.)

Carrie: An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combating his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a pictorially vivid apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

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TV and Radio

TIME ON MY EYES

BEFORE this year's nominating enclaves began there was much rumor suggesting that the demonstrated revelatory effects of TV would cause the party officials to modify pre-TV convention practices. The reader, even if he does not own a TV set, has probably gathered that the rumors were false. Despite various predictions, the fact is that all the frontier accoutrements and tin cans of political cut-up, horseplay, and wind-baggery that we have come to identify with conventions were regrettably and offensively present.

Now there is again talk of how the American people simply will not stand for this horse-and-buggy politics in their contemporary living rooms. Specifications are laid down for the streamlining of convention business, for reducing the number of delegates, decimating the demonstrations, water-barreling the phoney consciousness of "historic decisions," and running an abrasive wheel along the greasy edges of the pompous oratory.

Well, we shall see. First, there is the stubborn fact that conventions are business meetings and not dramatic creations; they cannot, worse luck, be firmly "staged" by the talented hand of a bold, imaginative *regisseur*. Secondly, it may well be that TV's great social modification potential has been overrated. All television has never known a more compelling show than the 1951 Senate Crime Committee hearings chaired by the erstwhile candidate from Tennessee, Estes Kefauver. The potential dynamite was atomic (or so it seemed in the heyday of Hill, Halley, and Frank Costello).

Nevertheless, the writer has not heard or read of any gambling laws passed by Congress to deal with a patently revealed national situation. As for local laws, my radio informed me recently that this year only a handful of New York's bookies renewed their operating licenses. The white-slip boys are chesting again in their contempt for the law.

Lacking a creative renaissance in the strategy committees that plan the conventions, the 1956 nominating sessions will be substantially the same in tone and *mise-en-scène* as the 1952 "deliberations." The non-TV reader, if he buys that set in the meantime, will be faced foremost with the unmanageable proportions of his viewing experience. The five-day stand embracing more than one full sweep of the clock on some days cannot be articulated into any comprehensive esthetic form.

One can only dip as his circumstances permit and finger morsels in the bowl; there is no telling which will be sweet or sour. Opening rituals should be completely avoided. They include bland invocations and flustered troopings of the colors duly distributed among faiths and veterans' posts. Climaxes may be sadly lost, as when many who patiently watched the final donkey doings simply fell asleep waiting for Governor Adlai Stevenson's towering acceptance of his nomination at three in the morning.

Egocentric tenors interpolating patriotic doggerel into their chestnut hymns may be gratefully missed, as well as Broadway songwriters teaching "sure-fire compaign hits" to awkward delegates. On the other hand, you may get a choice mixture of high comedy and drama such as the screen flashed when Eisenhower and Taft made their joint victory-defeat statement amid a mass of human battering rams otherwise known as TV and radio reporters and technicians.

The blunderbuss rhetoric of the keynote, nominating, and guest speeches may disgust you; the synthetic snake-walk demonstrations appal you; the doubtfully motivated polling of the individual state delegations drive you to tune off. On the other hand, there will be moments when you sharply search candidates' faces and voices, gestures and ideas. The speaking camera will reinforce many of your impressions about individual politicians, completely reverse others.

You will find yourself struggling to organize your responses into some sort of consistent attitude to the mingled yet fragmented tedium, the sharp insight and the passive acceptance of images moving in a slow procession of blurred focus. In fact, you will doubt more often than not the wisdom of your purchase of the television set and the sanity of the nation. But there will come the blue-chip moments when out of the earthquake, wind, and fire of your emotions the still small voice of meaning will emerge.

AND that will be when the delegates vote. And when the roll-call begins you should get a thrill. For these men and women are free, and this is democracy with a small "d." You may except as you will that the delegates are people in politics serving their own ends and that these ends are not always consistent with what we vaguely call "the public good." You may talk of machines and bosses and the cynical realities of how government really operates—and you may be right.

Notwithstanding all, however, there is still the undeniable truth of choice. In the same delegation the delegates splinter. One man is Eisenhower, another Taft; one Harriman, the other Russell. And the provincial fervor of their announcements as they call out their votes for the chairman, the convention, the folks back home, and the nation to hear is a drum-beat for spirits depressed by the signs of the times.

It was not always so in the long record of governments and men. It is not everywhere so today. Barely seven years ago it was not so in Europe and Asia—how quickly we forget!

Television also covers the elections in November and we see and hear the reporters as the votes roll in. But in November the voice of the people is in its hand, marking an X or pulling a lever—and the hand is silent, invisible. Only in July every four years, via TV, is the voice in the open, identified with a face, touched with the diverse accents of a sectional homogeneity. Listen to that voice; look at that face closely. They should be familiar. They are, after all, the voice and face of our free institutions.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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MEN OF LETTERS

(*Continued from page* 19)

very immature mind which is recording events as they occur to a very susceptible temperament; but one closes the book with an impression that the author does wish to think, and is no longer so apt to confuse feeling good with seeing the truth.

Men of Letters Notes

THE THREE IBSENS: Memories of Henrik Ibsen, Suzannah Ibsen, and Sigurd Ibsen. By Bergliot Ibsen. Translated by Gerik Schjelderup. American-Scandinavian Foundation, New York. $3. This memoir is composed of what Fru Bergliot Ibsen, widow of the playwright's son Sigurd, has fetched from her personal recollections and from her collection of letters and memorabilia. As source material it is to some extent valuable. Not so much for her memories, since she never knew Ibsen intimately. But she prints many letters from and about him and other prominent Norwegians, including Grieg and her father, Björnson. The family letters, which make up the bulk, are without literary distinction; they are the kind of pleasant homely letters exchanged in families but hardly worth the bother (to a stranger) of steaming open. The author's own writing is clumsily amateurish, without any ability to dramatize an episode or a personality. How objective her portrait of Ibsen is we can judge by her defense: "But what has *not* been said about Ibsen! Nothing irritates people so much as blamelessness." Other shortcomings of the book are the awkward translation and the absence of either a table of contents or an index. The author's motive in erecting this family monument is blameless enough; and the printing of these letters will further an understanding of Norwegian literature and of a universal playwright.

FIRE-BIRD: A Study of D. H. Lawrence. By Dallas Kenmare. Philosophical Library. $2.75. In this strange, cranky book, Miss Kenmare sets out to treat only Lawrence's poetry, and in the course of her diffuse, repetitious essay she discusses his ideas—love and hate, especially—and she expounds his gospel that modern life and civilization are deeply corrupt. Her tone is often stridently evangelical, and she seems to confuse the writer of her book with its subject. She shares his ideas to such an intimate degree that one wonders whether that does not constitute a primary disqualification for the job of critic.

She says almost nothing about the poetry as poetry except vague general praise. What saves the book are the generous quotations of Lawrence's poetry itself—which shines with vivid and eloquent clarity. For all its gaucheness and peculiarities, the essay at least reminds us that besides his varied prose—novels, stories, essays, criticism, letters—Lawrence wrote poetry of a very high order.

THE BURIED LIFE: A Study of the Relation Between Thackeray's Fiction and His Personal History. By Gordon N. Ray. Harvard University Press. $2.75. This compact study has several claims to importance and provocation. Most of it is an exhumation of Thackeray's relatives buried in his four best novels. (Or, perhaps, people buried in life and incarnated in the novels.) His wife served as model for Amelia in "Vanity Fair," his mother and uncle as Helen and Major Pendennis, his beloved Mrs. Brookfield as Lady Castlewood in "Henry Esmond," and his blundering stepfather as Colonel Newcome. As a literary sleuth Mr. Ray is an Inspector at least—thorough, judicious, and convincing. His literary detections are fascinating.

But he is less persuasive in defending Thackeray's shortcomings as novelist, particularly the uncritical sentimentalism. To understand *why* Thackeray allowed himself to wallow in the tears of his insipid characters does not pardon his doing so. As for his readers' avid taste for sentimentalism—a classic transcends the emotional fashions of its time. The impartial reader today will continue to accept Thackeray's weakness along with his considerable strength.

The most regrettable thing about the book is its wretched makeup, especially the unreadably small type for quotations. Fortunately, Mr. Ray will use some of the material in his biography of Thackeray, which, one hopes, will be as well printed as his edition of the letters.

NIKOLAI GOGOL: A Centenary Survey. By Janko Lavrin. Macmillan. $2.50. To celebrate the writings of Gogol, who died one hundred years ago, Professor Lavrin has written a thoroughly excellent introduction to that great writer. His short stories are remarkable for a sensitivity to earthy beauty and brutality and for the mysticism of folk superstition. They were his first literary success. His best play, "The Inspector General," makes its impact through the bitter humor of a farce of mistaken identity. And his only novel, "Dead Souls," a monument of nineteenth-century fiction, shows the depths of a corrupt bureaucracy and squirearchy so elo-

The Sisters: Flesh & Spirit

By Babette Deutsch

THE two live in one house, are sisters, keep
Twin memories of table, chair, and floor;
The offerings of the path beyond the door;
The giant Shadow that would threaten sleep;
The uncertain aureole of the fountain, and
The daily creatures with their certain ways;
Distinguished if impure, all holidays;
Small punishments that both could understand.
Of these they may speak now, but in silence miss
What those good children lost, losing their fears
And hopes of a tall future, shrunk to years
Pieced out in weeks and hours and days like this.
Time is divided. An unweaponed feud
Divided them with time, so that they live,
Neither forgetting what they would forgive,
Together in a populous solitude.
There was no quarrel, and the cruelest sting
Has withered, but for each now nothing's right.
Who once were busy with the same delight
A fierce envy constrains in everything.
Thus they must live, two women driven wild,
Together till they die, till their houses fall.
Yet if the elder hear the younger call:
"Martha!" she answers: "Mary?" like a child.

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quently that it is a sort of mundane inferno. Gogol spoke of his writings as "the history of my soul"; and his own life was as tortured as those of his mock-heroes. His last words, at the age of forty-three, were, "Give me a ladder, a ladder." He wanted to ascend to a heaven he never found on earth.

All these literary and biographical matters are clearly set forth here, with enough excerpts to give the reader a taste of Gogol's distinctive style, and with an ample, catholic setting to surround him. The criticism and biography are exceptionally well integrated, without the lumpiness that often spoils studies of life and works. Part of this comes from Gogol's own integration (a paradox of disintegration), but most of it comes from Professor Lavrin's literary and critical skill. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

HOWELLS AND ITALY. By James L. Woodress, Jr. Duke University Press. $3.50. A political campaign biography of Lincoln in 1860 marked the turn of fortune for a young newspaper reporter, William Dean Howells, who consequently received an appointment as American consul to Venice. The self-educated, ambitious Howells from the Ohio frontier seized the cultural opportunities offered by Italy and in four years (1861-1862) made himself acceptable to the highbrow literary circle of New England's Brahmins, paving the way to academic honors and the influential editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Although he proclaimed, "Let fiction cease to lie about life, let it portray men and women as they are . . . ," setting off violent attacks by a group of American romanticists, he was too much attached to Brahmin respectability to explore life as deeply as some of the French realists. A cheerful morality and social optimism underlie his aim to "treat material with entire truthfulness," distinguishing him as tepid and tame in the eyes of our current, morbidly inclined realists. While this study is a full-dress analysis of Howells's large body of writings oriented toward Italy, the author speculates also on the sources of Howells's creed of realism, convincingly placing Italy's amiable dramatist Goldoni alongside such acknowledged source-figures as Pope, Jane Austen, and Heinrich Heine.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

NEW EDITIONS

SOCIAL Thought from Lore to Science," by Howard Becker, Harry Elmer Barnes, and others, which became a wartime casualty shortly after its original publication in 1938, has been reissued with some added material (Herren Press, 2 vols., $15). This extensive survey is an invaluable reference book and a useful guide to study in the vast, as yet imperfectly defined field of sociology. In the first volume—"A History and Interpretation of Man's Ideas About Life with His Fellows"—the authors range from the social thought of preliterate peoples, through the philosophies of the Eastern and Western ancient worlds, and those of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, down to the thought of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. In the second volume—"Sociological Trends Throughout the World"—recent sociological theories are grouped, and examined, according to countries of origin. Outstanding, influential thinkers whose ideas are summarized include Confucius, Lao Tze, Plato, Aristotle, Lucretius, Jesus, Augustine, Aquinas, Ibn Khaldun, DuBois, Machiavelli, Bodin, Hobbes, Locke, Montesquieu, Turgot, Rousseau, Kant, Vico, Godwin, Herder, DeMaistre, Hegel, Adam Smith, Comte, Marx, Darwin, Spencer, Durkheim, Tarde, Weber, Mannheim, Pareto, and many others. Skilful in synopsis, lucid in exposition and interpretation, the authors have screened and arranged their material admirably. That the frontiers of their field are vague, indeed, is proved by their having had to deal with economics, theories of government, social statistics, religion, metaphysics, history, and philosophies of history. And that sociologists still breathe the hot air of opinion rather than the chill air of science can hardly be doubted by anyone who has eyes to read and ears to hear the arguments of their conflicting schools.

Two volumes of great merit, but addressed to limited audiences, are F. E. Harmer's "Anglo-Saxon Writs" ($12.50) and M. K. Pope's "From Latin to Modern French" ($7.50), both imported by Barnes & Noble. The first contains the texts of all known surviving Anglo-Saxon writs that answer to Miss Harmer's precise definition—one hundred and twenty of them—with Latin versions, whenever they are to be found in the manuscript sources, and English translations; these being preceded by a learned, general introduction, and buttressed by specific discussions of each of the twenty-five textual groups. The second volume is a mine of philological information for serious students of the French language, and a source of illumination for every close reader of French. "The subject of this book," writes Professor Pope, "is the evolution of sound and flexion that has led from Latin to Early Modern French, the French of the educated Parisian Society of the seventeenth century." To follow this evolution in detail one must be either a trained or training philologist, but one need be neither to follow the general plot of the linguistic drama—the disintegration of a great language in a distintegrating world, succeeded by the integration and stabilization of a new language, in a new world, upon the foundations of the old—and to perceive clearly, as one watches this drama, the intimate, inextricable relationship of social and linguistic history.

BARNES & NOBLE have issued two more volumes of Methuen's "History of Medieval and Modern Europe," previously recommended here: "A History of Europe from 1198 to 1378," by C. W. Previté-Orton ($6), and "A History of Europe from 1494 to 1610," by A. J. Grant ($5). Two events of prime importance in the first period are the emergence of France as the greatest European state, and the growth throughout the West of a money-economy. Dealing with the second period, Mr. Grant justly declares: "The decade from 1515 to 1525 is the most controversial in the history of Europe."

The fourth and fifth volumes of Halévy's "History of the English People" are now available: "Victorian Years, 1841-1895," and "Imperialism and the Rise of Labour, 1895-1905" (Peter Smith, $6 each). The first, left unfinished, has been rounded out with a supplement by R. B. McCallum. The second is particularly interesting because it demonstrates that Britain's drift or drive towards Socialism is more than a half-century old, and because it shows the crippling effects of trade unionism on Britain as a competitor in world markets.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO MILTON

(*Continued from page 21*)

professional journalism as anything that you, majestic and lofty Milton, would ever write. Your biographers and critics have done their best to explain that you wrote these prose polemics in an age of violent and brutal religious and political controversies, a time similar to mine, in which no quarter was asked, or given, in the ideological warfare. You yourself explained in them that you wrote such things "with my left hand"; that poetry was your real avocation and that it was with reluctance that you had decided to "leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes."

Obviously they are not ever works of detached philosophical speculation, or of disinterested learning, or of sober, scientific reasoning based on facts. They were inflammatory appeals addressed to the passions of the hour. You were fully aware, of course, of the limitations and the hazards of this type of warfare; but, having flung all your gigantic energy into the conflict, and having turned from your poetry to the writing of such polemics out of your deepest religious and moral convictions, you proudly pointed out that "when God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal."

TO ALL OF which I hasten to add that all your pamphlets are brightly illuminated from within by your burning love of freedom and by your fervent aspirations after a new order of things—a social order in which the injustices and the oppressions that you were fighting against would cease, to give place to the millennium and to the New Jerusalem foretold by St. John in "The Apocalypse." And what a fighter for freedom you were! You defended religious liberty against the Anglican prelates, civil liberty against the king, the liberty of the press against the power of the royal censors, the liberty of conscience against the Presbyterians, and domestic liberty against the restrictions of canon law. And with what splendid weapons you fought for freedom: an intense religious zeal that, like a flame-thrower, burnt down whatever obstacle stood on its path; an immense learning that crushed both pedants and ignoramuses with equal ease; a sweeping and overwhelming magniloquence; a poetic diction that freely ranged from the sublime to the scurrilous; an incalculable spiritual force, a sensitive conscience, a will of iron, and a superb rational intelligence aspiring always to unfold itself without shackles and ever claiming for humanity the boundless freedom that it imperiously demanded for itself!

It is to the mighty intellectual and poetic champion of human freedom, then, to you, John Milton the pamphleteer, that I write this open letter. No, do not fear that I will repeat Wordsworth's romantic and rhetorical foolishness that you should be living with us at this evil hour because we need your help. For one thing, we, who now have to defend liberty, have no right whatsoever to ask you to do our fighting for us. For another thing, you heroically gave more than twenty years of your life and your precious eyesight to such a fight in your hour, and you are now fully entitled to your present blessed and eternal rest in God. What I beg you to do for us—now that you are in Him and with Him—is earnestly to pray that He burn with His undying fire into the living substance of our minds and hearts these liberating truths that I, with boldness and humility, have abstracted from "Areopagitica":

"Unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. . . . Revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. . . . Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction: but herein the difference is of bad books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate. . . . I conceive, therefore, that when God did enlarge the universal diet of man's body, saving ever the rules of temperance, he then also, as before, left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds; as wherein every mature man might have to exercise his own leading capacity. . . . For those actions which enter into a man, rather than issue out of him, and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser. . . ."

IN MY DAY, John Milton, many who fight for liberty in the ideological warfare of the twentieth century have no faith in God or in human reason or in man's essential freedom or in his capacity to choose wisely for himself. That is why I earnestly beg of you fervently to pray for us in this hour of our great need. In sharp contrast to such unbelief, how strong and unwavering your faith was!

"He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I can not praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. . . . Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tracts, and hearing all manner of reason? . . . If every action which is either good or evil in a man at ripe years were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to well-doing, what great thanks to be sober, just, or continent? . . . They are not skilful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from

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some persons, it can not from all, in such a universal thing as books are: and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure he has yet one jewel left, ye can not bereave him of his covetousness. . . . If to prevent sects and schisms, who is so unread and so uncatechised in history that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance, and preserving their doctrine unmixed for many ages, only by unwritten traditions. The Christian faith, for that was once a schism, is not unknown to have spread all over Asia, ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing."

FOR you truth and freedom were interdependent entities that flowed into man directly from God Himself. Hence you rightly thought that it was sheer imbecility to place any man-made limitations upon either of them.

"Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolized and traded in by receipts and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to make and license it like our broadcloth, and our wool packs. . . . Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. . . . We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness. . . . The light which we have gained was given us not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. . . . Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. . . . The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour, when they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! He sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches: nor will he beware until he sees our small divided companies cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade . . . Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: Methinks I see her as an eagle molting and thus renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noisy band of timorous and flocking birds, with those also who love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means."

The Film Forum

THE FINE ARTS: A MISCELLANY

***The Saturday Review's* Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: "The Titan," an extraordinary feature-length film about Michelangelo's times and works, is now available for 16mm. rental from Contemporary Films, 13 E. 37th St., New York 16, N. Y. This American version of a German film produced by Curt Oertal over a decade ago was first presented here by Robert Flaherty in 1949, and practically introduced art on film to American audiences. In its effort to present a portion of Renaissance history and biography without using actors and sets, "The Titan" at times becomes contrived and melodramatic—but even this cannot detract from the magnificent photographic interpretations of Michelangelo's masterpieces.

FRA ANGELICO AT SAN MARCO. *Produced by S.E.D.I. Distributed by A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. (11 min.)*

The convent of San Marco in the Tuscany hills is today a monument to the Italian painter Fra Angelico. The film pictures and interprets his innovations, his skills, and his place in Renaissance art history—all with modest charm and appreciative sensitivity. American commentary by Arthur Knight; directed by Gianpiero Pereci.

SCIENCE IN THE ORCHESTRA. *Produced by Realist Film Unit, and distributed* for the British Information Services by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y. (3 separate reels, 35 min. in all)*

In the pleasant informal style of "Instruments of the Orchestra," this film, now sold as three separate reels, explores vibration, pitch, and harmonies in their application to musical sounds. Individual titles are: "Hearing the Orchestra" (13 min.), "Exploring the Instruments" (13 min.), and "Looking at Sound" (10 min.) As is typical of British instructional films, even the illustrative bits of music are inventive and lovely, and the various tonal experiments have visual as well as auditory appeal. Malcolm Arnold composed the score, and Muir Matheson conducts and narrates. "Science in the Orchestra" was named as one of the outstanding films of the past year in the annual awards made by *Scholastic Teacher* magazine.

OPERA SCHOOL. *Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and distributed by its New York Office at 1270 Avenue of the Americas. (36 min.)*

There is quiet charm in this story-film about a young singer and her years of study at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto. From her first audition to a leading role in the school's presentation of "The Marriage of Figaro," the film moves along lightly and rhythmically, making its observations without getting involved in them. The film, in fact, does not comment; its spoken words are all in dialogue, natural and easy-sounding. The musical score, supervised by Louis Applebaum, is pleasantly operatic. Gudrun Parker gets credit for the direction, Lister Sinclair for the script, Dennis Gillson for photography, and Guy Glover was producer.

YOSHI NO YAMA. *Produced by Orbit Films. Distributed by Dimensions, Inc., 2521 Sixth Avenue, Seattle 1, Wash. (20 min., color)*

A classical Japanese solo dance is performed before the camera against a painted backdrop and with a minimum of cinematic details. Technically the film leaves much to be desired, but Mme. Nakatani's dancing itself, especially where face masks are used, is fascinating.

QUETZACOATL. *Produced and distributed by the Dept. of Cinema, University of Southern California, 3518 University Ave., Los Angeles 7, Calif. (18 min., color)*

A fabulous collection of pre-Columbian masks and statuettes had their pictures taken for this student-produced movie which tells the legend of Quetzalcoatl, the fairest of the Aztec gods, who brought to the people everything that was good, suffered shameful defeat and death at the hands of a destructive god, then rose in spirit to become the North Star. As student work the film is most acceptable; as a record of important artifacts it is (like them) both interesting and odd.

BUMA—AFRICAN SCULPTURE SPEAKS. *Produced by the Segy Gallery. Distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois. (10 min., color)*

Antique sculptures from West and Central Africa are used to tell a story of primitive life from birth to death. The masks and figures in themselves are beautiful, and it is good to be able to see them through the refined eye of the camera. There is much that is worthwhile in the film, especially for art students and amateurs. Photographed by Lewis Jacobs; written and directed by Henry R. Cassirer.

THE STORY OF TIME. *Produced by Signal Films, London, Distributed for purchase only* by Cornell Films, 1501 Broadway, New York 36, N.Y. (10 min., color or black-and-white)*

Animation techniques that are somewhat off the beaten track are used to reconstruct the history of our various time-telling devices—from the time of primitive sun-worshipers to today's ultra-modern watches. The London Symphony Orchestra plays a score composed by Guy Warwick—and there is no spoken commentary. The effect is pleasingly different.

—CECILE STARR.

*For rentals consult the list of *SRL* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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THE SOURCES OF TENSION IN AMERICA

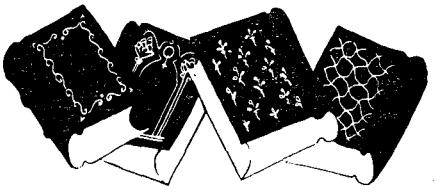
(*Continued from page 7*)

only the tool of organization, which by itself is neutral. It can be the friend as well as the enemy of freedom. It can be the necessary means of freedom. There is very little freedom possible to any state without a common law and a police to enforce it. The manager of a team, say a team of tennis stars, by taking on himself the small routine worries of ticket buying and hotel hiring and so giving them the time to practise, actually adds to their power of competition in the games where only individual excellence counts. But the same organizer, taking the same stars on an exhibition tour, can say to them, "No need to wear yourselves out—we'll arrange who is to win and each of you will get his turn." The result, so much pleasanter for the performers, looks as good or even better to the spectators. Sets can be designed to go the full distance and to provide excitement.

Life cannot avoid struggle, tension, and tragedy. They are in the nature of things, of a world in everlasting creation and therefore continuous change. To try to make the world safe for anyone or anybody is as hopeless a project (as dictators have often discovered) as to command that everyone shall think alike, or stop thinking altogether; that no one shall get old or sick; that storms shall stop blowing and earthquakes cease to crumple. All one can do is to salvage the victims, and nothing can give a cripple two sound legs again or restore the dead to life. The aim of democracy should be to give everyone his chance, to see that it is a fair chance and that even if he fails with it, he suffers as little deprivation as the state can contrive.

THIS was the practical object of liberal governments when they founded social insurance and the various pension schemes. And the Labor Government could and did argue that nationalization of coal, power, and transport was an economic necessity to preserve the nation's life and therefore its freedom. But the important question, as usual, is not so much the details of a policy as what is behind it. And a good many people in Britain, a minority but a powerful minority, are committed to nationalization not as an economic necessity but a moral theory; they think that competition is itself wicked and unnecessary, the final source of conflict and insecurity. This doctrine appeals strongly to the natural longing which we all feel now and then for rest, for peace of mind.

But there cannot be permanent rest and peace, except in the graveyard, and competition cannot be abolished.



There is a conflict of needs and wills in the smallest family, even in the mind of the solitary individual. The source of tension is in difference, which is as universal as likeness. Both competition and cooperation exist and must exist in every society. If anyone should say that economic competition at least is unnecessary, the answer is that to get rid of it (if that were possible) would be only to replace the struggle for pay and what it can bring to the imagination by the struggle for power and what power can do for the ego, a struggle more demoralizing, less easily controlled, and much more dangerous to peace.

The problem for democracy therefore, is to maintain national defense and guard standards of life, while keeping the essential freedoms—to use organization for the increase of freedom.

And I came away from the States feeling that the solution is more likely to be found there than in Europe; because in Europe, as I say, State Socialism for its own sake, quite apart from Communist propaganda, has the sympathy, though often the unthinking sympathy, of large minorities. In Britain that minority has diminished very much in the last years. The advantage of practical experiment, in politics, is that it shows the cracks in the dream. But in the States I felt that there is still a much deeper grasp of the danger that belongs to all regimentation. That, too, is in the American tradition, so much more profoundly democratic and individual than that of any other people in the world.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SHAVIAN SETTINGS

Albert W. Dowling, of Baltimore, invites you to match up these twenty Act I settings of George Bernard Shaw's plays with their proper titles. Allow five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 36.

1. A New Hampshire farm house kitchen.	( )	Saint Joan
2. An old Syrian palace of whitened mud.	( )	Candida
3. Garden overlooking the harbor of a seaport of Morocco.	( )	The Devil's Disciple
4. A room in Sussex built like an oldfashioned ship with a stern gallery.	( )	Pygmalion
5. A doctor's consulting room.	( )	The Man of Destiny
6. Covent Garden, London. 11:15 p.m.	( )	Back to Methuselah
7. A jungle path.	( )	Caesar and Cleopatra
8. North Italy on the road from Lodi to Milan.	( )	Man and Superman
9. The library of a house in Wilton Crescent.	( )	Captain Brassbound's Conversion
10. A cottage garden in Surrey.	( )	Geneva
11. A lady's bedroom in Bulgaria.	( )	Heartbreak House
12. A room in a parsonage in a London suburb.	( )	The Dark Lady of the Sonnets
13. A dentist's operating room.	( )	The Doctor's Dilemma
14. A kitchen in the Palace of the Bishop of Chelsea.	( )	Major Barbara
15. A big room furnished as a court house, U.S.A.	( )	The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet
16. The Garden of Eden (4004 B.C.).	( )	You Never Can Tell
17. The terrace of the Palace at Whitehall overlooking the Thames.	( )	Getting Married
18. Castle on the Meuse River.	( )	Arms and the Man
19. A handsome study on Portland Place.	( )	Mrs. Warren's Profession
20. A poorly equipped office in Switzerland.	( )	Androcles and the Lion

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 17)

tently delightful columns in the British *New Statesman and Nation* show him to be a highly intelligent and humane man who could become as effective as Rex Warner or the Evelyn Waugh of "A Handful of Dust."

—HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER.

TEMPEST-TOST. By Robertson Davies. Rinehart. $3. In a thunderstorm on a heath near Forres, the First Witch in "Macbeth" spoke the baleful couplet: "Though his bark cannot be lost, yet it shall be tempest-tost"—thereby providing a novelist several centuries later with a pun and a title. In his novel a middle-aged mathematics teacher takes part in an amateur production of "The Tempest," and finds himself in stormy waters. Robertson Davies, Canadian playwright, critic, and essayist, must have encountered all sorts and conditions of stage-struck people. In his first novel he has put some of the oddest of them into a satiric story, with Hector Mackilwraith as its central and not very substantial figure.

Mackilwraith is something of a stereotype to begin with: a pedantic bachelor who lives at the YMCA and buys meal tickets at the Snak Shak, who makes a practice of listing in parallel columns the *Pro* and *Contra* before reaching any personal decision. For six years he has served, as treasurer of the Salterton Little Theatre, and now, with his *Pro* column indicating "a need of augmented social life," he decides to seek the part of Gonzalo, a wise old counsellor, in the projected production. After that, all that is needed is a smile from beautiful Griselda Webster to convince him that he is in love. For the rest of the story the "wise old counsellor" is foolish indeed, and before its end he is violently tempest-tost.

More believable are the other characters: Solly Bridgewater living in the shadow of his widowed and demanding mother; Pearl Vambrace struggling against the unhappiness of her alien parents; Bonnie-Susan Tompkins, heedless, generous, impulsive; Valentine Rich, the director, living in her grandfather's deserted house; and the genuinely amusing adolescent Freddy (Fredegonde) Webster who sees little sense in amateur play-giving. These are authentic people, each with a past, a present, and an uncertain future; for a time it seems that the production of "The Tempest" may become a turning point in their lives. Then the novel takes off into comedy, with Mr. Davies, like a stage director, ingeniously shifting his people into situations of embarrassment, confusion, and misunderstanding.

Through this sequence of comic scenes run the painful emotions of Hector Mackilwraith. When at last the opening performance is under way, and three acts have been completed, it seems that the tempest is too great for him to endure. But he survives, a sadder and wiser man, ready now to forget dramatics and to accept a gratifying position in the Department of Education.

—WALTER HAVIGHURST.

ASHES. By Charles Francis Coe. Random House. $3. Popular political fiction has become almost as stereotyped as the speeches at a Presidential nominating convention. It's livelier, though, particularly when concocted by the practised hand of Mr. Coe, who can be counted on for a few near surprises and some fast action in the tight spots. The more usual elements in this latest, well-timed opus are the characters: there is the crusading journalist, fast, hard-hitting, and incorruptible, who would rid our fair city of vice; then there is vice in the person of Salvatore Zoni, who is not only mixed up in gambling, white slavery, and other lucrative pursuits but has also tied up the police and other supposed enforcers of the law by bribery, corruption, and straight intimidation. Add an assortment of criminals, officials venal and otherwise, and the results are predictable. For love interest and the purposes of a somewhat silly plot, Mr. Coe has dealt in one Vivian Worley, beautiful and ruthless, unswervingly power mad, who wants her pop to head up a reform government. She gets her way, tangling—erotically—with the crusading journalist, and in a more businesslike way with the evil vice czar, who quickly gets her into a compromising position and his power. Before the forces of virtue triumph there

is a murder and a somewhat better than routine trial scene. The novel as a whole, however, is not much better than routine and you'll just have to close your eyes going around some of the twists and turns in the plot.

THEIR TOWN. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. Doubleday. $3.50. Mr. Steele, whose mastery of the tightly knit, solidly plotted short story has long been a feature of the American literary landscape, seems to have trouble when he tackles the novel. He tends to sprawl, and the narrative force with which he builds individual scenes is vitiated by his failure to supply inevitable connections between the various scenes. His characters, too, whose singleness of purpose appears sturdy in the short story, appear monotonously wooden when viewed against the novel's wider landscape. In this third novel he is concerned with one of the builders of industrial America. Hubé Spooner is his name and he is a plodder, a Babbit in softer focus than Sinclair Lewis's hero, a man who dreams and works to put his town on the map and to build himself a fortune. With the aid of an understanding but scarcely understood wife he does both only to find that the salt has lost its savor, the real things in life have been almost missed. This is a worthy theme and Mr. Steele spins it out with competence. The trouble is the reader is likely to tire of it long before Mr. Steele did. The reader is also likely to tire of Hube, because—though the author has set him into a variety of scenes and situations—he has given him only one note to play. It is a note that could be sustained through one of the short stories that Mr. Steele constructs so ably, but which grows tiresome in a novel, a form for which the author's talents seem less fitted.

THE CUMBERLAND RIFLES. By Noel B. Gerson. Doubleday. $3.50. The

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. The Devil's Disciple. 2. Caesar and Cleopatra. 3. Captain Brassbound's Conversion. 4. Heartbreak House. 5. The Doctor's Dilemma. 6. Pygmalion. 7. Androcles and the Lion. 8. The Man of Destiny. 9. Major Barbara. 10. Mrs. Warren's Profession. 11. Arms and the Man. 12. Candida. 13. You Never Can Tell. 14. Getting Married. 15. The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet. 16. Back to Methuselah. 17. The Dark Lady of the Sonnets. 18. Saint Joan. 19. Man and Superman. 20. Geneva.

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efforts of the Spaniards to keep and extend their foothold upon the American continent after the Revolution and the struggles of the lost state of Franklin (now Tennessee) to achieve statehood while holding off the Spaniards are interestingly in the background of this routine adventure romance. The adventure romance has to do with the affairs of Janus Elholm, a soldier of fortune who is a demon with the sword, a devil with the ladies, and of strictly dishonorable intentions. A paid agent of Spain, Janus masquerades as a supporter of the Americans, gets himself into some fancy situations from which he extricates himself with the skill and aplomb of Errol Flynn, and finally wins the love of the beautiful and patriotic school teacher and the respect of the American leaders. These last accomplishments require a transformation in which Janus departs from his swashbuckling past and falls in love with the American dream of freedom and democracy. The background, as noted, is interesting.

HAGAR. By Ben and Ann Pinchot. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. A family feud which lines up the patrician, paternalistic, and altogether nice Blairs against the no-good but ambitious Bleyers provides the plot-frame for this novel of present-day Connecticut. Hagar Bleyer is the Pinchot's principal villain and they've painted her plenty villainous. What she is after is to capture control of the Blair clockworks but she also captures along the way the man who wanted to marry heroine Connie Blair. Connie is as fair a heroine as Hagar is an unfair villain. She is also, due to requirements of the plot, somewhat vapid if not downright stupid, mooning along through all those pages with love for young Dr. Ennis.

The Pinchots are more successful with the details of Connecticut small-city life and with the period touches which recall the Thirties and Forties. They didn't have to stack their cards quite so much in favor of the good.

CONCORD BRIDGE. By Howard Horne. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. The softening-up process by which historical fact is turned into acceptably romantic fiction has been applied by Mr. Horne to the battles of Lexington, Concord, and Breed's Hill. In part it consists in this case of tangling up a lady of great beauty with all the historical events of the period. Eugenie de Malmedy Armagnac (fictional figure) is not only spiritually the wife of the American leader Dr. Joseph Warren (historical), but the loved one of the British Captain Oliver De Lancey (historical). She also shares honors with Paul Revere in the famous ride, battles at the Bridge, and generally gets in the way of an interesting if not completely plausible reinterpretation of the beginnings of the American Revolution. Mr. Horne's thesis is that all the leaders on both sides—including General Gage of fearsome legend—were really very nice guys who didn't want to fight at all.

VANITY ROW. By W. R. Burnett. Knopf. $3. As a writer of hard-boiled gangster fiction Mr. Burnett has achieved some notable successes in the past and recurrently raised the hope that he might be going to move on to higher levels of novelistic achievement. It is a hope that has never been realized and isn't even hinted at in this latest punch-filled product. As usual the action is fast and tense, the dialogue tough and credible, the plot serviceable. The characters however are standard. The corrupt politicians are at their usual business of trying to cover up crime, the newspaper men are noisily ubiquitous, and the beautiful doxy is almost successful in throwing a monkey-wrench into our hero's works. Our hero is Roy Hargis and he is all set to frame the aforementioned doxy for the murder of a famous public figure (reason being that he doesn't want you to know that the famous public figure was all tied in with the gangsters who've been milking the city). But right in the middle of things Hargis finds himself falling for the girl. Problem is how to get her off the spot, keep the secrets, and keep his job as an undercover gunman for the party in power. He does all of this with dispatch, and Mr. Burnett again demonstrates his mastery of the mechanics of a fast-paced yarn.

THE PERFECT JOY OF ST. FRANCIS. By Felix Timmermans. Translated by Raphael Brown. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. In Europe this retelling of the legend of St. Francis of Assisi is reported to have sold more than half a million copies. I doubt it will match that impressive record here. Essentially static in concept, it is not so much a novel as a devout celebration of the gentle saint and his ascetic beliefs. All of the tales that have

"Don't be afraid—it's only the *Flying Dutchman*

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gathered around St. Francis are here—his work among the lepers, his preaching to the birds, his talks with God, his preaching to the poor. And his life story is roughly sketched in—including his establishment of the Franciscan order and his struggles to keep it free from sophisticated theological concepts. But these are subordinated to a persistent reiteration of his beliefs: his veneration of poverty and his devotion to suffering, which at times—in Mr. Timmermans's account—comes close to masochism. The whole is set down in a simple, almost child-like prose that has moments of naïve beauty and is generally suited to the spiritual message the author would deliver. Often, however, its simplicity seems self-conscious, which may be a fault of translation rather than of the author's original Flemish.

ISLAND RESCUE. By Jerrard Tickell. Doubleday. $2.75. The British practice of romping through difficulties by poking fun at them has become a minor but well established tradition among the lighter writers from the island. Mr. Tickell is an able recruit to that tradition. His romp has as its grim background the German occupation of some of the Channel Islands preparatory to its planned invasion of Great Britain itself during World War II. The background is, however, the only thing grim about this. The plot—which is perilously close to farce—has to do with the attempts of some British secret agents to rescue from the Germans a prize cow about to produce a calf of highest pedigree. This improbable framework is engagingly decked out with some satirical thrusts at bureaucracy, a lightly sketched-in love story, some pleasant characters, and a standard supply of thinly glossed over sentiment about the indomitable character of the British. The routine is not unpleasing.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

Bookmarks

A few weeks ago we gladly ceded space to a correspondent who good-naturedly took exception to the general use of the word "to hospitalize." We have a letter in rebuttal from Oscar D. Ratnoff of Shaker Heights, O., who says: "There's nothing wrong with 'to hospitalize,' and its virtues as a space-saver are obvious." This pronouncement carries some cogency (or at least gains some of our sympathy) from the fact that Oscar D. Ratnoff subscribes M.D. after his name. Fair enough—let's assign "hospitalize" accredited status as a trade term. We're slightly surprised that the medical profession hasn't reduced it to a simple initial. Everybody, by this time, thanks to crime stories and crime programs, knows what DOA stands for, but there are other hospital initial formulas that have yet to gain general currency. One such that the laity could conveniently adopt is AA—"against advice."

* * *

From Cincinnati comes a request for us to lay the Black Curse of Cromwell on "publishers who place page numbers at the bottom, in the center." Curse laid.

* * *

The Notable British Trials Series has now reached the highly respectable total of seventy-five, and some of the volumes have gone into second, third, and even fourth editions. Each unit is edited by an authority (only rarely, a legal authority) who also contributes a long narrative introduction. Andrew Lang, William Roughead, Lewis Melville, H. B. Irving, Filson Young, and Tennyson Jesse are among those who have brought high competence to the task. Following the introduction, in each instance, the evidence is given in extenso, sometimes in its entirety, followed by summations, charge to the jury, and whatever subsequent action may have been taken, generally concluding with an announcement of the hanging. Witnesses who certainly never expected to get into print thus find their words immortalized between the covers of a book, though most of them probably never knew about it, or ever hold their immortality in their hands. The picture of a lifelong costermonger being confronted with this evidence of accidental authorship is an engagaing one. "Look here," he might inform a friend, handing him the book, "here's a little literary effort I collaborated in a while ago. I was not at my best, and had no chance to edit the text, but—well, as Buffoon says, 'The style is the man.'"

* * *

People who write books about Robert Louis Stevenson and then index the text manifest a pleasing (or should we say irritating?) variety in listing "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." ("Strange Case," note—not "*The* Strange Case.") Purists among indexers put it under S, where, of course, no one would ever think of looking for it. Others place it under "Dr." and still others under "Jekyll." All three of them must breathe easier when they get to "Treasure Island."

* * *

Alistair Cooke notes that Urdu has a word that means yesterday and tomorrow. English is not far behind—it has a word that means twice a month and every two months.

* * *

Our occasional references to railroads brought us, some time since, an interesting communication from Professor Thomas O. Mabbott of Hunter College. Edgar Allan Poe, it appears, was greatly interested in railroads, which had not reached their majority in the year of Poe's death, which was also the year of the appearance of the example to which Professor Mabbott refers: "In a story of 1849, 'Mellonta Tauta,' about the future, Poe suggested a *four*-track railroad across the continent. Whether absolutely original or not, the poet figured out what nobody considered for a dozen years. The point is—'fast and slow trains both ways.' In a time of one-track railroads that was something. This fact could be one of the reasons I feel sad when businessmen and professors look down on poets. Anthony Trollope, a novelist, thought up the mail-box."

* * *

What becomes of all the postage stamps that accompany *accepted* manuscripts?

—J. T. W.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER AT THE "ANGEL" *Hugh M'Cutcheon* (Dutton: $2.50)	Client expires in private eye's office; widow (Suspect No. 1) hires latter; Yard also messes around.	Scene, seaside hotel, attractively drawn; plethora of people; treatment routine.	Naively amiable
THE CAVALIER'S CORPSE *Theodora Du Bois* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Anne and Jeffrey McNeill, touring Ireland, turn light of logic on death with eldritch angles.	Setting unusually attractive, people same (with exceptions, naturally).	Quietly pleasant

—Sergeant Cuff

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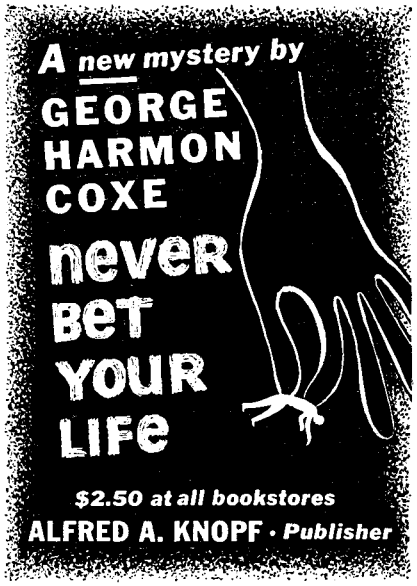
On the Record

A Personal Choice by Edward Tatnall Canby

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
MOZART WITH SOLOS		
MOZART: VIOLIN CONCERTOS #3, K. 216; #4, K. 218. Szymon Goldberg; Philharmonia Orch., Susskind. Decca DL 9609	Modestly good modern recording, the violin sound excellent. Evidently newer vintage than the Schnabel below, same orch.	Excellent Mozart, new-style—with light, small-orchestra sound correct for these early works, minus cuteness in the playing. Some uneven orch. ensemble.
MOZART: VIOLIN CONCERTO #4, K. 218. Szigeti; London Philharmonic, Beecham. Columbia ML 4533 (½) (*with Prokofiev: Concerto #1*)	Reissue of earlier 78-rpm albums, prewar, technically well below present standards though entirely listenable. Big bass (low turnover), highs lacking transparency. Muddy.	The once-definitive Beecham Mozart now sounds heavy, if clean, the orchestra oversized; Szigeti's playing is ultra-accurate but a bit miniaturist, in the older manner. Times do change.
MOZART: PIANO CONCERTOS #20 IN D MINOR; #24 IN C MINOR. Artur Schnabel; Philharmonia Orch., Susskind. HMV LHMV-1012	Postwar but sub-standard—these sound like disc originals. Fair highs but the piano is somewhat tinny. RCA's new HMV LP series will have much of this type technical work in it.	Good Schnabel though late—this Beethoven expert brings out the Beethoven side of these serious works, but the music lacks the grace, lightness it might have with a Lili Kraus or a Long. Dreadful cadenzas.
MOZART: CLARINET QUINTET, K. 581. Benny Goodman; American Art Quartet. Columbia ML 4483	The Columbia Goodman recording is clean and sharp but very close, the clarinet metallic and not lovely, the strings squeaky. The Stradivari sound, more live and distant, is decidedly preferable though technically not as cleanly recorded. Stradivari surfaces are noisy.	Goodman does a more pliant, alive job here than in his prewar recording with Budapest; but Duques, top French clarinet, is far ahead of him, achieving that otherworldly "floating" clarinet quality so necessary in this music. The dividend Horn Quintet is pleasantly light, well played.
MOZART: CLARINET QUINTET, K. 581. HORN QUINTET, K. 407. Augustin Duques, clar.; O. de Rosa, horn; members Stradivari Quartet. Stradivari STR 601		
MOZART: OBOE QUARTET, K. 370. TELEMANN: OBOE SONATA IN C MINOR; PARTITA IN E MINOR. Harold Gomberg, oboe; F. Galimir, G. Banat, A. Kouguell, strgs. Claude Chiasson, hps. Decca DL 9618	Extraordinary recording, both technically and in the microphoning of the music; one of the best records of its sort. Warm, live yet close and immediate. Notably the Quartet. Far easier listening than most orch. music.	Mozart at his most gracious in a beautiful oboe performance, rich, serious, graceful, and light. This type of record indicates how utterly anachronistic is our old fear of "chamber music"—on discs this is the most attractive sound of any!
LISZT AT THE PIANO		
LISZT: SONATA IN B MINOR; FUNERAILLES. Simon Barère, piano. Remington 199-85. Andor Foldes, piano. Decca DL 7528.	A strange contrast. Decca's piano, for Foldes, is inexcusably sub-standard as of the latest in piano tape recording (see below); tinny, twangy, wavers, lacks bass, presence. Whereas Remington's Carnegie Hall Barère is tremendous in spite of hissing surfaces. For biggest piano climax on records try side 2, near end band 1!	Two wizards of piano technique tackle Liszt. Foldes, a genuine modernist, modernizes Liszt; his is crystal-clear, rapid, faultlessly cold, under-played. Barère takes it straight, thunderously—and proves Liszt's point! Play Liszt with saccharine and thunder or leave him alone. Barère is superb.
LISZT: VARIATIONS ON "WEINEN, KLAGEN"; EXCS. FROM "WEIHNACHTSBAUM." Ilona Kabos, piano. Bartok BRS 910	Finest piano record I've heard to date, bar none. Absolutely steady, both soft and hard, a natural piano, big-sounding even in semi-soft passages, never strained. An astonishing illusion.	This lady also plays Liszt in the thunderous way, with fine musical sensitivity. The music is mostly padded-out Grade B Liszt, full of fire and sweetness and not much else. But fine recording and playing make it top listening.



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THE WORLD
(*Continued from page* 12)

seems to see as clearly into the realm of his feelings and reactions as into the silver sights of his rifle—"Those winter evenings when . . . the cold brittle air throbbed and reverberated with the honking of geese and the swish of their wings as they passed overhead in flights of from ten to a hundred, are among the happiest of my recollection. . . ."

World Notes

STALIN'S SATELLITES IN EUROPE. By Ygael Gluckstein. Beacon Press. $4.50. Mr. Gluckstein has compiled an overwhelming mass of facts and figures which show precisely what the men in the Kremlin have done to their satellites in Eastern Europe since 1945. Many of these facts and figures are not new, but Mr. Gluckstein writes with perspective as well as knowledge. He knows that both the First and Second World Wars originated in Eastern Europe. Indeed, one British historian has described the First World War as the Second War of the Austrian Succession. After the Hapsburg Empire collapsed, the victorious Allies failed to make Eastern Europe safe for democracy. Hitler, between 1938 and 1945, failed to make Eastern Europe safe for the Nazis. Now the Russians are trying to make Eastern Europe safe for Soviet Communism. Mr. Gluckstein announces that backward Russia cannot permanently subjugate the more industrially developed lands of Eastern Europe. "Stalin's empire has no future," he declares, citing Tito's defection.

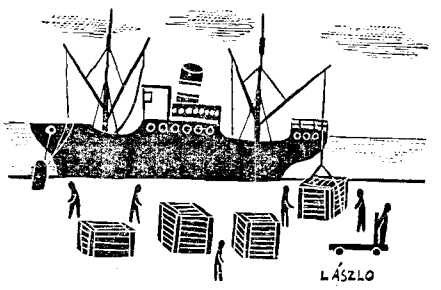
—QUINCY HOWE.

COMMUNISM IN WESTERN EUROPE. By Mario Einaudi, Jean-Marie Domenach, and Aldo Garosci. Cornell University Press. $3. The arrest of Jacques Duclos, brains of the French Communist Party, and the inability of the Communists to exploit the arrival of General Ridgway in Paris and Rome according to their plans, lends a topical note to this ably compiled, carefully documented volume. Although the book's title speaks of Western Europe, it deals with the Communist Parties in Italy and France. These two parties are, of course, Moscow's main strongholds in Western Europe; their development, tactics, and future history may be a decisive factor in Europe's ability to strengthen itself against the aspirations of the Soviet Union. Mr. Einaudi, who is professor of government in Cornell University, put this book together. He observes that, in France and Italy, "we are confronted with the unique issue of mass Communism within societies that are fighting back politically and institutionally." Communism in France and Italy, with its continued wide basis of support among workers and other voters, is indeed a challenge to the free world's ability to think things through—to find a rational substitute for the traditional radicalism that has come to support Communism in France and Italy with unthinking emotion. The authors of this volume contribute historic and current information that is helpful in understanding the political, economic, and cultural climate that helped the two parties grow. They also provide extensive data on the tactics that have aided the Communist parties of France and Italy in gaining the acceptance they have achieved.

—MARTIN EBON.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN, 1939-1945. By Raymond de Belot. Princeton University Press. $4. There is something fascinating in the reading of Admiral de Belot's summarization of World War II in the Mediterranean. For one thing, there is an authoritative synthesis of events in a theatre of operations that saw longer continuous action than any other. Then too, this book lays certain stress upon naval operations and the skilful employment of Britain's fleet that have somehow escaped notice in all accounts of the fighting on land. Perhaps most important, because the author is French and thus saw his country and especially her fleet immobilized through much of the brisker action when the Gibraltar-Suez lifeline seemed a gossamer strand, he writes with an unaccustomed detachment that sometimes approaches aloofness. Clearly a professional sailor and a gentleman, he treats the British attack on the French fleet in 1940 as a "most painful Calvary."

That is as much emotionalism as Admiral de Belot permits himself. After that, he remains the detached chronicler and analyst. The result is a most incisive and instructive history of warfare. Having played little part himself in any of the campaigns, the admiral is under no obligation to defend or exalt himself, superior commanders, or one nation over another. While he quite willingly concedes the valor and ability of the British in holding the Mediterranean after France's surrender, he makes an excellent case that blunders in Axis strategy were the real reason—blunders, and some incredible maladministration in the upper councils of Italy's war ministries.



This is military history with a grand sweep, from one strategic decision to another, while the actual campaigns reduce themselves almost to incidents along the way. As such, Admiral de Belot's unfolding of the Mediterranean war is quite unlike other books on the same subject. Except insofar as Mussolini or Hitler were led into mistaken judgments of strategy, personality plays no part in the story. Similarly, to this author, the battle is not the payoff; it is merely the extension of strategic concepts and necessities. What *is* exciting is the great planning, the fulfilment of over-all missions, the pure definition of objectives. This is a book for intellectuals—and admirals.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF POLAND, 1919-1950. By J. Taylor. Cornell University Press. $3.75. By its geograhy and resources, Poland should—if justice, logic, and natural endowments were the guiding rules of history—have developed into one of the wealthiest nations of the world. But, as every schoolboy knows, the Poles have unhappily had to make their way in the neighborhood of Russia, Germany, and (at an earlier time) Hapsburg Austria—three powers which have shown little concern for the justice, logical development, and abilities of other peoples. And so, instead of becoming a trade, manufacturing, and communications center that bridged Western with Eastern Europe, Poland has spent most of modern times as a political and military—and, consequently, economic—buffer zone in which industry and commerce were systematically restrained while a continuously mounting population gave poignant expression to Malthus's rules for an existence of poverty.

Until 1919, conquest and conquerors had insured that the country virtually missed the Industrial Revolution. Mr. Taylor's study is devoted mainly to the years between world wars when Poland tried desperately to catch up. That was a challenging ambition for times of complete tranquility. But having been a battleground during World War I and the Russian Revolution, Poland started its

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renewed national life with a terrible inflation. This it got under control barely in time to face the Great Depression. Recovery came slowly through the Thirties. And then came the Nazis.

An economist and a thorough student of his subject, Mr. Taylor writes with authority on the many facets in the 1919-1939 period of Polish economic history. It is an especially instructive story, for Poland was among the first nations to practise a "mixed economy" of private enterprise joined to governmental ownership and widespread regulation. It tried out, purely from necessity, many techniques that later became established Keynesian doctrine. Since 1945, however, Communist state planning has set the rules and, under its egis, Mr. Taylor demonstrates that Polish recovery has lagged behind most of Europe.

—P. R. L.

RED CHINA'S FIGHTING HORDES. By Lieut. Colonel Robert B. Rigg. Military Service Publishing Co., Harrisburg, Pa. $3.75. This is a report on the Chinese army of today by a man whose position as military attaché in China for three years and whose personal acquaintance with several of the Red Army leaders give him good background. He has evidently added more recent information from other sources. He pretty thoroughly covers the waterfront, examining the records and personalities of the high command, training, indoctrination, and equipment, with figures that at least seem to be accurate on how much in the way of munitions was captured from the Japanese and Nationalists. Aside from Chinese willingness to sacrifice lives, which everyone knew about already, the chief points that emerge are the care spent in indoctrinating the Chinese soldier, his great skill in stratagem and ambush, and the fact that in spite of his indoctrination it is possible to break his morale if the job is done right. The Chinese army is immense, well-trained, and dangerous, probably unbeatable on an area of continental size, and even its weakness in the air is being ironed out. Its units march at speeds well beyond those of Western armies; it makes the most skilful use of night attacks, infiltration, and guerilla tactics. But it is unsupported by any armament industry, and what it gets from Russia it must pay for through the nose. That is, it is not a modern army; it lacks the coordination of arms, especially artillery and such quasi-artillery weapons as mortars and rockets; and it has poor logistic support, even though the needs of the Chinese soldier are small. —FLETCHER PRATT

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(Continued on page 42)

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POSITION OPEN: Secretary to head of Editorial Department of well-known, long-established trade book publishing house; contracts, foreign and subsidiary rights work as well as secretarial; experience necessary. Box L-371.

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PERSONALS

ABC SHORTHAND in one week. $2 returnable. ZINMAN, Box 386, Chautauqua, N.Y.

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AFTER BLISTERING SUMMER HEAT, cool off in gentle climate of GREEN TREE INN, Hebron, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

SIAMESE DANCER MARA will be back at Seven Hills and jazz expert John Mehegan at the piano for the Labor Day Weekend. All this plus new clay tennis courts. Swimming, boating, fabulous gardens. Fireplaces, records, books old and new. SEVEN HILLS, Lenox 5, Mass.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 961

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Maintenance granted a canon from the estate of a cathedral.	62 108 36 99 135 16 156
B. Current Swedish composer and orchestra conductor, best known for his symphonies.	1 130 171 46 73 41 159 189 127
C. In a manner not vigilant against danger.	188 96 74 7 21 141 71 50
D. Any of several large dull-brown falcons of India.	53 170 8 126 154 182
E. Choice; of rare quality.	67 169 138 75 107 183 31 131 129
F. A virus disease involving the skin and central nervous system, like rabies.	51 176 157 15 93 60 124 134 163 79
G. A novel by Virginia Woolf (1937; preceded by "The").	54 180 100 95 23 117 37
H. The hero of "Resurrection" by Tolstoi.	18 132 55 25 97 161 43 181 69
I. What Guinevere in "The Idylls of the King" ultimately became.	33 40 80 89 58 153
J. Not sought by request.	92 103 145 13 19 61 90
K. The quality of being tenderly fair.	27 139 147 88 44 186 64 160 52 91
L. A novel by James Joyce, 1922.	177 59 184 142 175 165 122

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Sister of Rasselas, in Dr. Samuel Johnson's novel by that name.	83 56 86 166 98 179 113
N. Conscience; intellect; understanding (obs.)	137 167 84 150 24
O. Seesawed (comp.).	106 28 190 178 87 10 112 143 116 123
P. Prince formally adopted by Napoleon and made heir apparent to the crown of Italy, 1806.	49 162 42 94 11 125 104 26 155 81
Q. A collector of birds' eggs.	76 30 128 20 65 114 6 2
R. A river in Europe, important in World War II.	172 4 120 149 82
S. Apathetic in temperament.	164 158 144 22 101 29 133 66 5 121
T. Ornaments for the face.	70 173 32 38 14 140 187 109
U. Pious; godly.	136 72 174 63 119 35 148 39 12
V. The seat of Cornell University, New York.	110 146 45 57 34 68
W. Any foraging member of the Formicidae (Africa; 2 wds.).	151 85 185 78 48 17 102 111 3
X. Battle in which William of Normandy defeated Harold.	77 118 105 152 47 168 9 115

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

								1 B	2 Q	■	3 W	4 R	5 S	6 Q	■	7 C	8 D	9 X
10 O	11 P	12 U	13 J	14 T	15 F	16 A	■	17 W	18 H	■	19 J	20 Q	21 C	22 S	23 G	■		
24 N	25 H	26 P	■	27 K	28 O	29 S	30 Q	31 E	32 T	33 I	34 V	35 U	36 A	37 G	■	38 T		
39 U	40 I	41 B	42 O	43 H	■	44 K	45 V	46 B	47 X	48 W	■	49 O	50 C	51 F	52 K	■		
53 D	54 F	55 H	56 M	■	57 V	■	58 I	59 L	60 F	61 J	62 A	63 U	64 K	65 Q	■	66 S		
67 E	68 V	69 H	70 T	71 C	72 U	73 B	■	74 C	75 E	76 Q	■	77 X	78 W	79 F	■	80 I		
81 P	82 R	83 M	■	84 N	85 W	86 M	87 O	88 K	89 I	90 J	■	91 K	92 J	93 F	94 O	95 G		
96 C	97 H	98 M	■	99 A	100 G	■	101 S	102 W	103 J	104 P	105 X	106 O	107 E	108 A	109 T	■		
110 M	111 W	■	112 O	113 M	114 Q	115 X	■	116 O	117 G	118 X	119 U	120 R	121 S	■	122 L	123 O		
124 F	125 P	126 D	127 B	128 Q	129 E	■	130 B	131 E	132 H	■	133 S	134 F	135 A	136 U	137 N	138 E		
139 K	140 T	■	141 C	142 L	143 O	144 S	145 J	146 V	147 K	148 U	149 R	150 N	151 W	152 X	153 I	■		
154 D	155 P	156 A	■	157 F	158 S	159 B	■	160 K	161 H	162 O	163 F	164 S	165 L	166 M	167 N	■		
168 X	169 E	170 D	171 B	172 R	173 T	174 U	175 L	■	176 F	177 L	178 O	■	179 M	■	180 F	181 H		
182 D	183 E	184 L	■	185 W	186 K	187 T	188 C	189 B	190 O									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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What's your score on these questions about JAMES JOYCE

considered by many to be the most influential writer of our time

Question 1: When was Joyce's "Ulysses" made legally available to the reading public in this country?

Question 2: What one single passage in "Finnegans Wake" took Joyce 1600 working hours to write?

Question 3: How did Joyce capitalize on his early psychic and intellectual struggles over religion, sex, and art?

Question 4: Which of all his stories was Joyce's favorite?

Question 5: How did Joyce express his deep feeling about his wife's unwavering loyalty?

Question 6: What one (and only one) volume contains *all* these Joyce writings complete: "The Dubliners," "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," "Exiles," "Collected Poems," and selected passages from "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake?"

Answer 1: Not until 1933, eleven years after it was first published in Paris. (Judge John H. Woolsey ruled "Ulysses" not obscene.)

Answer 2: The famous and oft-quoted "Anna Livia Plurabelle" incident.

Answer 3: By writing his brilliant autobiographical novel, "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

Answer 4: "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," from "The Dubliners," a collection of Joyce stories.

Answer 5: By writing "The Exiles," a powerful 3-act play, and his only play.

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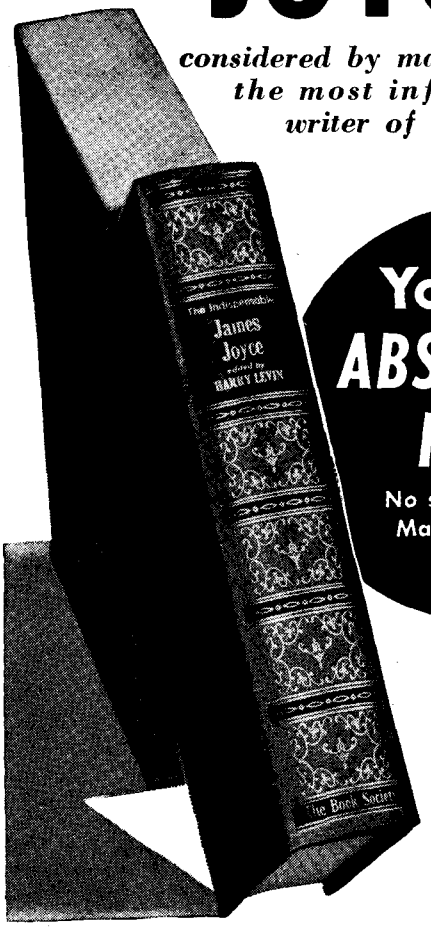

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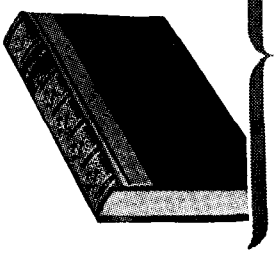

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